Hab Lagmen 1722

FLAGELLUM:

OR, A

Dry ANSWER

TO

Dr. HANCOCK's wonderfully-Comical Liquid Book, which he merrily calls *Febrifugum Magnum*, or common Water the beſt Cure for Fevers; *&c.* (a Book proved beyond Contradiction, to be wrote when the Doctor was aſleep.)

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WHEREIN

Not only many obſcure Paſſages, in that great Performance (which neither the Doctor nor any body elſe underſtood the meaning of) are ironically explain'd to the meaneſt Capacity; but the Uſe and Excellency of cold Water and ſtewed Prunes, is alſo clear'd up.

Very fit to be bound up with the Doctor's Book.

Who ever ſaw another ſuch Divine,
That drank cold Water, when he might have Wine?

The SECOND EDITION: With a *Poſtſcript*, containing a few merry Reflections on a late bombaſtick Pamphlet, in Defence of the Doctor's Book, wrote by one *Tom Taylor*, the firſt-born of all the Sons of Stupidity, and Bull-Rider to the *Bear-Garden*.

By GABRIEL JOHN, a ſeventh Son, and Teacher of the occult Sciences in *Yorkſhire*.

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FLAGELLUM:

OR A

DYANSWER

TO THE

Moſt Noble, moſt Virtuous, moſt Wiſe, and *tolerably beautiful* old Virgin,

URSULA JOAN,

Dutcheſs of *Puddle-Dock,*

AND

Counteſs of *Bunhill-Fields,* &c.

May it pleaſe your Grace, or Highneſs,

WHERE we lie under the greateſt Obligations (as I do to your Grace) it is natural for a generous and grateful Mind, to lay hold of all Opportunities for expreſſing a juſt ſenſe of its Benefactor's Favors: I remember with Pleaſure (and I fear a little Pride too) that when Fame had outrun *my Feet, and the learned World rang of my Art, as I return'd from my Travels*

from Utopia, Terra Incognita, *and the Country of* Preſter John, *where I had cured his Grandmother of a confirmed* Rickets, *and his* Godmother *of a violent Cholick in her Thumb, and ſome dozens of* old Maids *of moſt* exorbitant Copper-Noſes, *contracted by that moſt* nefarious *practice of* Water-bibbing; *and which the moſt Learned of thoſe Countries had in vain attempted to* eradicate: *I ſay*, then it was, *that your Grace was pleaſed by your ſuperfluous goodneſs to ſhine in upon my Merits, daily abounding more and more (as it were) by large Fees, Sack and Sugar*, elegant Dinners, *and other Demonſtrations of your Bounty, your Grace being then* almoſt *drench'd out of your Life*, quite *out of your Beauty, and* all *hopes of Matrimony, and your Conſtitution had crumbled almoſt to nothing, by a Complication of impertinent Diſtempers, particularly the* Hippo; *and (the inſeparable Companions of ſtale Virginity) your Grace was alſo poſſeſs'd with a ſtrange and uncommon Spirit of* Contradiction *and* Objurgation; *out of all which, your Grace very well knows (if you do not* miſremember) *that by the profound* Concavity *of my Learning and Underſtanding in* unintelligible Myſteries, *I had the honor to recover your Grace, in a few weeks, by putting your Grace into a regular Courſe of* Ratafia, Citron-Water *and* Mackroons; *at the ſame time ſtrictly forbidding all manner of Water, except well* corrected *by a due quantity*

tity of fine Loaf-Sugar, and Juice of Lemons, to a grateful Acidity, and then corroborated *with* quantum sufficit *of right* Nants; *and at Meal-times a Pint of red Port or Burgundy for your share. Upon which your Grace's antient* captivating Red *return'd into your Cheeks, which grew plump, and the Wrinkles in a great measure disappear'd; so that to my immortal Honour, and your own unspeakable Consolation, I may venture to say without a* Solæcism, *that your Grace is become* new Vamp'd, *and at this present Writing, a very good* second-hand Beauty; *altho only under the guard of antiquated Virtue, thanks to old Age and cold Water. And this was not a thing done in a Corner, but well known to all the Ladies of Quality, all about* Bunhill-fields, Norton-Falgate, *and the whole Precincts of* Shoreditch.

Wherefore your Grace, being the first Fruits of my Lucubrations *and Labours in my native Country, I humbly conceive, that I cannot without the most gross and base Ingratitude, dedicate these my Essays to any noble Personage but your self, beseeching your Protection and* Patronage *against all* sober Sots, *Water-drinkers, and* Water-Rats, *in the three Kingdoms, of what Order or Rank soever.*

As to the learned Doctor whom (by a new Method) I both answer and defend at the same

ſame time; *I am not aſham'd to own, that I* honour him; *and muſt ſay that he has deſerv'd well, of the* York-Buildings *and* New-River Companies; *but cannot help obſerving, that he is not ſo* Orthodox *in* Phyſick *as he is in* Divinity: *yet that may very well be excuſed, conſidering that he wrote when he was aſleep, and had not the Command of his Faculties; and ſo being not then* ſui juris, *is not ſo anſwerable for his* Blunders, *as he would otherwiſe have been. Indeed his Style and Method is ſomething different from the number of great Men that have gone before him; but there may be much* human Prudence *in THAT, which we* ſour Wits *cannot penetrate into the Reaſon of; neither is it fit we ſhould, any farther than that we know it is wrote ſo* artfully, *as to be accommodated to the meaneſt Capacity, as to the* Diction, *and Style I mean; but as to the Meaning and Argument of the greateſt part of his Book, no Man alive can come at* that, *without my exuberant Learning, and* Art of Dreaming; *which I cannot tell, that ever any yet attain'd to, nor perhaps ever will: one* Phœnix *in a* Century *is ſufficient; the Doctor is a Water-Phœnix, and I am one by Land, and both uſeful in our way.*

I find by my Art, that the Doctor was born under Aquarius (*a watry Sign*) Saturn *Lord thereof, poſited in his own Houſe, in Trine*

Trine to that merry Planet *Mercury: all which ſhew the Doctor to be* a great Wit, *and a Man of Elegancy and Judgment; and had it not been for an unlucky* Square *of the Sun, and Mercury (which in a meaſure hinder'd, or as it were eclipſed his Honour) he had certainly gone to Sea, and been at leaſt Arch-Deacon of a Man of War. But who can ſtand againſt Fate? Every Man of Merit cannot get Preferment; I know it by* woful Experience, *having had nothing remarkable to boaſt of, in my own Country, except your Grace's Favour, which I am juſtly proud of; and the* whole *and* utmoſt *of my Ambition is, that when your Grace ſeems meet, I may be appointed* Conjurer in Ordinary *to your Grace, during Life, with ſome ſmall Salary, juſt enough to keep a Coach and four, and be able to live above the Contempt of inferior Fortune-Tellers.*

Some ſort of Folk, *perhaps, may wonder, why the Doctor did not give ſome* mechanical Account *of the nature of every ſort of Water; the* modus *of its Operation in an human Body, when mixt (and circulating) with the* Fluids: *and have given us alſo the* Cauſe, Signs, Diagnoſtick, Prognoſtick, *&c. of every Diſtemper; and from thence argued,* how *and* why *cold Water ſhould cure it: but this would have been to make every one as wiſe as himſelf.*

And

And who would be a F—t then? No, no! Water is of ſuch a particular Texture, Nature, *and* Mechaniſm, *that it* mows down *every Diſtemper*, as thick as Hops, *without ever enquiring, whence it comes, what it is, or who it belongs to. Indeed we know, that a* Feather *thruſt up the Noſe will tickle it, and cauſe a* Sneezing: *well! but we can produce Sneezing as often as we pleaſe to tickle one another's Noſes* (humbly begging your Grace's Pardon) *without knowing that all* Sternutatories irradiate the Spirits, undulating in, and irradiating thoſe Nerves, that are diſſeminated into the internal Membranes of the Noſtrils; *or* that the Spirits being provoked into Spaſms and tumultuous Tranſports, looſen the impacted viſcous Matter, ſhake them out of their place, and eliminate them thro the Infundibulum and pituitary Glands, out of the Confines of the Brain, into, *&c. with a great deal more ſuch* unintelligible Jargon, *of no uſe to any but the Owner: and ſo in other Caſes, there is no need to multiply words, to deſcribe* Cauſes *and* Reaſons: *'tis only knowing that* cold Water *will cure it, (no matter for a Reaſon why) and what need we trouble our Heads any farther about the matter?* Water *is* Water; *a* Diſtemper *is a* Diſtemper; *and a* Cure *is a* Cure; *which we are very ſure of, if we ſwallow but* Water *ENOUGH.*

I am ſorry I am forced to ſay ſo much in the Doctor's Defence; a word to the Wiſe *would be enough, had we to do with none but* wiſe People: *but we are like all the* Folk *in the Eaſt, both in* Ethiopia, *the Country of the* Abyſſines, *and other Places where I have travel'd*, viz. *ſome are* wiſe, *and ſome are* otherwiſe; *therefore I am very willing to unfold the Doctor's* myſtical meaning, *and diſcover what he* means *to the* meaneſt Capacity. *And if the Doctor will do me the* honour, *to* honour *me with his Thanks, I beg of him to deliver them to your Grace, without any Compliment*; *for if I have done any thing to merit his Gratitude, it is all owing to your Grace's Influence, and therefore is to be given* directly *to you: and I think verily, I ſhould no more be able to bear a Letter of Thanks from the Doctor*, (wrote as he knows how) *than I could bear a Muſketoon to be fired in my Face* without ſtarting; *and therefore I beſeech your Grace, to lay your Commands upon him on that account, leſt he ſhould* inadvertently *put me into* bodily Fear; *which he might afterwards be very ſorry for.*

I heartily wiſh your Grace length of Days, and increaſe of Beauty, and a renovation of your Teeth: and that your grey Hairs *may prove Nets to entangle*

Crouds of Admirers; and that you may live to see cold Water *put down by order of the* Senate; *and the Doctor exalted to be Dean of* Pickadilly; *is the hearty wish of (may it please you!)*

Your Grace's most humble,

most obliged, and

most obedient Servant,

From my Study, this 1st of April, 1723.

GABRIEL JOHN.

A Dry Answer to Dr. Hancock's *wonderfully-comical Liquid Book*, &c.

IT is very apt to give me the Cholick, when I see Men of Merit disregarded, as is but too common in this ungrateful Age. When I had the Honour (by divers private Advertisements in the publick News-Papers) to know, that the Doctor's Book grew very famous a long way off *all about home*, and no Answer given to it, I must confess it raised my Indignation exceedingly: For nothing can be a greater Affront to an Author, or shew a greater Contempt of him, than to let him *write on* without *Contradiction*; for that is in effect saying, *he is not worth Notice.* Therefore we Authors, when we see ourselves thus neglected, often do ourselves the honour, to write Answers *to* ourselves, and then Defences *of* ourselves, and very smart ones too, when we are in proper *cue.* Now the Doctor being a Clergyman, it might have been expected that some of his Brethren should have wrote in his Defence: only we might have thought, with good reason, that there is hardly another *Water-drinker* amongst them all, to defend

the Practice: They are a Body of Gentlemen who know better things, remembring the Apoſtle's Advice, *to uſe a little Wine for their Stomach's ſake, and their often Infirmities.* And *therefore and becauſe* that they have not *drawn Pen* in his Defence, and ſince the Doctor, out of mere Contempt to himſelf, and (as it were) on purpoſe to mortify and affront himſelf, has not *as yet* wrote any Anſwer to himſelf; I ſhall, *with all Humility*, do my ſelf *that Honour*, againſt all Oppoſers whatſoever, if it be to the *very laſt Drop of my Ink:* And if there is any Perſon ſo *vainglorious* or *hardy*, as to anſwer this my *unanſwerable Anſwer* and Defence, I ſhall *anſwer* him by ſaying *nothing at all* in *anſwer* to him; which I know will vex him to the very Guts.

In the Doctor's *Liquid Diſcourſe*, beſides the *Elegancy* and *Fineneſs* of Style, *Loftineſs* of Expreſſion, *Strength* of Reaſoning, and Depth of Learning; there are many things worthy of notice. Indeed there are in the Book *many things hard to be underſtood*, ſome that have *no meaning* at all, and others that have a *very good meaning*, but it is not to be come at without very *deep Learning* or *Revelation.* There are ſome things in it that the Doctor and every body underſtands; and others that neither *he*, nor *any body*, but my ſelf, knows any thing of; and it is for that very Reaſon, that I now flouriſh my Pen in the Defence of Dr. *Hancock* and fair Water, and am now juſt *beginning to begin.*

The Doctor is very careful that People ſhould know he is *no Phyſician*, and often gives the Caution; which, altho it is a good Mark of the Doctor's Integrity, yet I think it *needleſs*, becauſe whoever reads the Doctor's Book (if he has but half an Eye) will ſee that GREAT TRUTH in every Page, and many other very *momentous ones:*

ones: As where the Doctor ſays, *that he once had a violent Cough, and eat a vaſt Quantity of* ſtewed Prunes; *that he had as clever a Son as moſt are*; *that he walk'd ten Miles to Breakfaſt*; *and that he expoſes himſelf to the Contempt of many*; and *ſuppoſes that he ſhall not be able to perſuade any one to uſe this Method*; *that he has ſaid enough, and perhaps ſome People will ſay too much, as to what he has ſaid perhaps fooliſhly of the Gout*; and *that he knows ſome Readers will think he is too full of himſelf*, &c. Tho with *great Submiſſion*, I think this laſt a *needleſs Fear* in the Doctor, for *(except there be a Spring in his Guts)* how can the Doctor be *too full of himſelf*, when he has juſt *emptied himſelf* of a whole Book of 108 Pages full of Water? Indeed *ſmall Veſſels* are ſoon full. But had he his *individual Self* intire, and whole *within himſelf*, I don't think he would *run over* very much; and if he was not ſo full as to *run over*, he would with no Propriety of Speech be ſaid to be *too full of himſelf:* but this *en paſſant*; for all this comes from the Doctor out of the ſame Humility and Self-Abaſement, as when he *emphatically* cries out (like one in a Fright) *I am no Phyſician, and but a Smatterer in any kind of Philoſophy.* p. 45. p. 28. p. 55. 18. p. 65. p. 30. p. 66. p. 47. p. 15.

Now, leſt any *Sauce-Box* ſhould ask (ſince the Doctor owns that he is neither Phyſician nor Philoſopher) how is it that he wrote his Diſſertations on cold Water, and thereby pretends to cure Fevers, which is the Buſineſs of a Phyſician? The Doctor, in anſwer to it, (or rather to anticipate ſuch an Objection) confeſſes *it is a little out of his way. But* (ſays he) *I am not the firſt that has wrote of a Subject he knows little of:* and it looks as if he deſired he ſhould not be the *laſt* that ſhould write ſo, when he invites the Phyſicians *to write Books in Divinity.* Well! by LITTLE here, (the Doctor being a very *meto-* p. 108. ibid.

metonymical Gentleman) his meaning is, *not* that he knows *but little*, but that he knows *nothing at all* of it; *knowing little* being often a *Periphraſis* of *total Ignorance*, as might eaſily be prov'd out of *Renard the Fox*, *Valentine and Orſon*, and many others of the moſt valuable of the Antients.

But now, leſt any ſhould ſay, if the Doctor has wrote a new Diſcovery in Phyſick, and yet is no Phyſician, nor knows but *very little* of the Matter, how is it that he has hit upon a thing which was never dream'd of ſince the Creation of the World, even from *Adam* down to Doctor *Caſe*? To which I reply, in the Doctor's
p. 103. Words, that *a Draught of cold Water, taken when one goes to bed, gives eaſy, quiet, and undreaming Sleep:* So that it was not poſſible for the old Water-drinkers to dream any thing of the Matter, as the Doctor has moſt learnedly and *drowſily* done, for 108 Pages together: for they drinking Water conſtantly every Night, had as conſtantly *undreaming Sleeps*, and ſo never dream'd of *this Matter*; which the Doctor wiſely obſerving, when he had any Impulſe towards new Diſcoveries, he eat half a Porringer of ſtewed Prunes, and ſo went to ſleep upon it, where he had this *cold Water Revelation*. So that what he (in Language
p. 16. lofty and fine enough) calls *a ſhort Account of his long Experience*, is only an Account of his manifold Dreams, by the neighbourly Aſſiſtance of ſtewed Prunes. And all this I know, not only by the Doctor's Confeſſion, but by the *Profundity* of my Art, and the many Dreams I have had concerning him; by which I am able to interpret all his *Cabaliſtical Conundrums*, which no Man but my ſelf knows any thing of. And that he has a prophetical Spirit (altho he wrote his Book when he was faſt aſleep, and ſo knows not when he wrote it, nor what is in it) appears by

his

his foretelling what a Spirit of *Risibility* would appear abroad at his writing a Book; when he says, *if I durst, for being laugh'd at*, &c. and that *it would be labour lost to persuade any one to use this Method, it being so much out of the common way.* p. 57. Now how could the Doctor have *told*, or *foretold* all this, unless he had it by Revelation? and how could he have it reveal'd but in a Dream? and how could he dream except he eat stewed Prunes, and went to sleep? Indeed some People dream waking, but then, I observe, they never make any great Discoveries.

There is *a time for all things*; and some one or other was the first Inventor of every Art, even to make Mouse-Traps and Pudding-Bags; and the Doctor is the first that prescrib'd cold Water for Sweating, altho he has not said whether it will be a *cold Sweat*, or a *hot one*, which (under Correction) was a very great oversight, and which I readily pardon for the sake of the Doctor's superior Merit, and many Excellencies; and do say, that if the Doctor has the Art to make People *immortal*, what is that to any body? There must be a time to find out the Longitude, *if ever it be done*; and some body or other must do it, *if any body does*; ay, and the Philosopher's Stone too: and none more likely than the Doctor to do both of them, who seems to have a very *Longitudinal* Head, and he cannot but have a cool Brain for Reasons very evident. Now what can we assign as the Cause of the *Longevity* of the *Antediluvians*, but their abundantly drinking of *pure Element?* If *Methusalem* had drank *October* or *Gin*, he had not lived 500 Years; and we see how it fared with good *Noah*, how that after he had tasted the Juice of the Grape, his Constitution was so broke, that he linger'd on but 350 Years after the Flood: But according to Gen. 9. 28.

the

the Doctor's *Theory*, no Man ever died of a Fever before the Flood; and it's very unaccountable how they ſhould die of it ſince, in Countries where they drink nothing but Water; and to be ſure drink it in Bed too, where if they do not ſweat, as the Doctor ſays they will, I cannot help it. But *undoubtedly* the thing is Fact, that no Man need die of a Fever unleſs he will; for two half Pints of Water taken in Bed, produce a Sweat, that Sweat carries off all the morbifick Matter by Perſpiration, and ſo the Patient is well again in the twinkling of a Bed-ſtaff; which no Man ever was ſo happy as to hit upon, till it was revealed to the Doctor in a Dream: ſo that as the *Romans* never heard of the Cholick till the Days of *Tiberius*; nor we of the Small-Pox before the *Arabian* Phyſicians, nor of the Rickets until Dr. *Gliſſon*, nor of the hyſterick Cholick (as ſuch) until *Sydenham*; ſo Dr. *H.* has the Honour of the firſt Diſcovery of *Fever-frighting* by cold Water.

Now altho the Doctor's moſt *outrageous Modeſty* would not ſuffer him to tell us ſo; yet he knows as well as I, and would ſay ſo too (if he had the gift of utterance) that cold Water would equally cure red Noſes, Cramps, Corns, kib'd Heels, the Mulligrubs, or Vapours in Women, and many other Diſtempers not mention'd in the Doctor's Book; and even the Dropſy it ſelf, altho a watry Diſtemper: for altho *Water* upon *Water* would be falſe *Heraldry*; yet as we know by happy Experience in eating, that one Shoulder of Mutton will drive down another, then by the ſame way of reaſoning, why may not one quart of Water (*vi & armis*, as it were) drive a gallon of Water out of the *Abdomen*, that had tyrannically taken up its quarters there, without any Right or Title to the poſſeſſion of the Premiſes;

miſes; or render a Perſon of ſuch a *juicy Conſtitution*, as to make him piſs a Pottle of Water for every pint of Ale he drinks.

For the Doctor ſays, *That it is a wonderful Aperient, promotes Circulation, ſenſible and inſenſible Perſpiration, creeps by the fineneſs of its Parts into the minuteſt Veſſels, and capillary Arteries, and dilutes the Humours that beget Obſtructions, imbibes and abſorbs the noxious tartarous Salts that are apt to ſtagnate in the capillary Veſſels, and carries them out with it ſelf by inſenſible Perſpiration*, &c. p. 30.

But by what ſort of *Mechaniſm* it does all this, or by *what Modus*, the Doctor is not ſo kind as to tell us. But he ſays, not only *that it will cure all manner of Fevers*, which are exceedingly different, both in their Cauſes, Signs, method of Cure, *&c. but that any ſort of Water will do the Trick equally alike, whether that of Pump, or Well, or River, provided it be clear and ſweet:* and tells you of this peculiar Excellency which it poſſeſſes, and which you can hope for from no other thing under the Sun, *(except a Chip in your Porridge)* viz. *take it as often as you will, whether it works a Cure or not, it will do you no harm, and that it is infinitely ſafer than Mercury.* Vide *his Advertiſement.* p. 30.

Which laſt is a very valuable hint, ſome People might elſe have dreaded to drink it in due quantities, for fear of a Salivation and ſore Jaws.

And I can't ſay but the Doctor is very cautious what he aſſerts in divers Places, as, *I think I am pretty ſure it will cure it:* and in another place, *I can't ſay I have ever tried it, but am confident it would do the work*; that is, *I am ſure that I am ſure on't, if I am not miſtaken*, which is a very modeſt way of expreſſing a *moral Suaſion:* and as he is very cautious, ſo he is very happy in chuſing out happy, elegant and lofty Expreſſions, and very frequent in the Repetition of p. 57.

them to every purpoſe, which gives a great Beauty to his Performance, *viz. apt to conclude, apt to ſuſpect, apt to believe, pretty ſure, pretty much, pretty cool, pretty betimes, pretty violent, pretty good, pretty well ſatisfied, a touch of it, generally ſpeaking, much what difficult, look pitifully, bad, badly, kindly ſweat, I fancy, for ought I know, moſtly, I think I am fully ſatisfied, I don't know but that it may do good, I boldly aſſert, if I don't miſremember, upon the matter, Fevers are tickle things,* with many other *Pen-and-Ink* words, not to be met with but amongſt the *Literati* and brighteſt Wits. But it is *inimitably fine*, the Directions he gives to
p. 58. *Cholick Patients* when they drink Water: they muſt *keep themſelves in a moving Poſture; now ſit, now lie, ſometimes on one ſide, ſometimes on the other,* —(good!) *lean forward* — (better and better!) *lean backward* (better ſtill!) *tumble on a bed* (moſt excellent!) *and if they can* (and not elſe!) *ſometimes ſtand on their Head* (excellent!) *and if they can bear it* (without being Sea-ſick) *get into a Coach, and ride on the Stones,* (prodigious!) *or get on Horſeback* (or upon a Mare) *to ſet the periſtaltick Motion of their Bowels on work,* being firſt cramm'd full of cold Water, which the Doctor is very ſure would do the work, *altho he never tried it.* Oh! methinks it's great pity the Doctor did not put all theſe fine things into Verſe, either *Pindarick* or *Hudibraſtick:* which done by his maſterly Hand, *Milton* and *Addiſon* muſt both have veil'd to him.

p. 6. The Doctor tells us, that *many of the Antients gave Water in Fevers; but their wiſer Sons,* like naughty Boys, *left it off,* as thinking 'tis likely, that Champain and Burgundy was preferable; like the old Song of,

Betty

Betty *would drink no Water,*
For she had a Conceit
Came into her Pate,
That Sack and Sugar was better, &c.

However *Galen*, like *a bloody Author* as he was, *advises to let Blood till the Patient faints, and to* p. 7.
drink Water. Oh, hard-harted *Galen! till he looks pale.* But this I conceive is only done, when Ladies want a Complexion, or Men are troubled with Copper-Noses, or the like: Tho in case of a *Plethora*, *Hippocrates* gives *nothing* ibid.
but *Water for three Days together*; by *nothing* here the Doctor must mean, not *absolutely nothing*, but *comparatively* nothing, *viz.* nothing but *that*, whilst he drank *nothing else*; or (*more elegantly*) *nothing*, but *nothing*, besides Water; so that there was *nothing* except *nothing*, and when *nothing* was taken from *nothing*, there was *nothing* remaining for the Patient but Water, and a little *nothing else*, &c. And notwithstanding the Doctor assures us, *That he is a Man of very little Curiosity*; p. 17.
yet, *he has look'd over a great many Physick Books*, p. 18.
both Antient and Modern, as far as Indexes will carry him: so that to turn over most of the Antients and Moderns, has nothing of Curiosity attending it; and it is a sign the Doctor was ibid.
curious, (whatever he says to the contrary) when he has been looking for a Book of *Vander Heiden*'s this 20 Years, and has the good luck at last to find it; which it is very reasonable he should, after so long a search, as might have found the *Philosopher's Stone*, or even *a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.* But woe is me! After all his search, *he finds nothing in him of giving Water* ibid.
as a sudorifick in Fevers; nor does he find that Physicians have had hitherto any Notion of Sweating in

P. 71. *Fevers, by plentiful Doſes of cooling Liquids, and particularly Water.* No certainly! nor ever will, if he ſearches till the ſeven Stars come to fourteen; the diſcovery is all Dr. *Hancock*'s; and it is my *Advice*, that he gets a *Patent* for it; it not being juſt, that any Man ſhould interfere in ſo important a Project, and beneficial Invention, which was reveal'd to him in a Dream.

Our Phyſicians generally are ſo weak as to judge of Water, according to its *Tranſparency*, *Fluxility*, *Inſipidneſs*, and as it is more or leſs united with *vegetable*, *mineral*, or *terrene* Particles, which are of different *Natures* and *Gravities*, according to what Parts it travels through: ſo they ſay *Rain-Water* ſooneſt ſtinks, becauſe the freeſt from mineral Particles, but loaded with *volatile ones*; if it was not for which, it would be the beſt to drink of all others; but *Spring-Water* being leſs apt to corrupt, altho heavier, is fitter for common uſe; and, that of what Nature ſoever the Mineral (or other) Particles are, with which any Water is fill'd, theſe, according to their ſeveral *Gravities*, the *Capacity* of the *Canals*, &c. will, when they come to circulate in the animal Body, be, by the Laws of Motion, depoſited in one part or other, and according to their Qualities or Principles are often undigeſtable in the Body, and often produce Concretions in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Joints; alſo Scurvies, Tumors in the Spleen: and by their *corroſive Salts* twitch and irritate the Membranes of the Stomach and Bowels, hinder Digeſtion, and when they come into the Blood, obſtruct the ſmall Canals of inſenſible Tranſpiration, and ſo cauſe *Cachexies*, Pains in the Limbs, livid Spots in the Skin, *&c.* and our Well-Waters *incruſt* the inſides of the Ladies Tea-kettles very much, as every one may obſerve; and thoſe that

are

are of a lax Conſtitution, cannot bear Water-drinking at all, which ſpoils both their Appetite and Digeſtion; and that *mineral Waters* would do the ſame, were it not for their ſtiptick Quality, whoſe Salts carry them into the Habit of the Body, and thereby inable them to open Obſtructions: But thoſe Waters which come from chalky Springs are the beſt, becauſe in Chalk we find no unwholeſom Mineral.

River-Water partakes of the Soil it runs thro, and is a Compound of *Spring* and *Rain Waters* together. Rain-Water is prefer'd as a Diluter before any others, and *Well-Water* is ſubject to the ſame and greater Inconveniency than thoſe from the *Spring*, becauſe by its *Stagnation* it is apt to take up many *pernicious Particles*, beſides what is brought thither; and therefore of all others, is the moſt to be ſuſpected. *Pond-Water* is moſtly from Rain-Water, and the moſt *uncleanly* of all others, *&c.* But the Doctor takes no notice of all this difference; but as I obſerved before, he ſays, *it is indifferent of what ſort it is, ſo it be clear and ſweet*; and that *he generally uſes Pump-Water*, which being from *a ſtagnating Spring*, is one of the worſt he could have pitch'd upon.

So in Fevers our Phyſicians diſtinguiſh between one and another ſort of them, and tell us that what we now call a *Fermentation* of the Blood, the Antients call'd *Putrefaction*; and from *hence* named ſuch Fevers as proceeded from thence *putrid Fevers*, meaning thereby a more mild diſſolution of the Blood, that indeed *hinders*, but not *totally* ſuffocates the *vital Expanſion* of it; and that crude Humours mix'd with the Blood are generally the *material Cauſe*, and the *Fermentum Febrile* the *efficient Cauſe* of putrid Fevers; and from a malignant Crudity of Matter mixed with

the Blood ariſe malignant Fevers; and that the diverſity of Fevers proceeds from the different Fermentation of the Blood; and that there are as many differences of *febrile Ferments*, as there are divers Natures and Diſpoſitions of Crudities incident to the Blood; and that in the *Ephemera* there is an Inflammation on the Spirits, in the *humoral* a fire in the Humours, in the *hecktick* one in the *ſolid Parts*; and that in the *malignant*, a venomous *Miaſm* infects the Blood, and congeals its Liquor; with many other diſtinctions too long for this Paper; all which call for very different Methods of Cure. But the Doctor (like no Phyſician as he is) gives Water of *any ſort* in Fevers of *every ſort*, without conſidering the Nature of the one or the other; and makes cold Water as grand a *Catholicon* as the *Dutchman*'s Butter, which was *good for every thing*.

The Doctor knows better than to talk of a *Criſis*, but has the *knack* to drown a Fever before it comes to a *Criſis*, and *ſlap-daſh* ſends it a packing, as ſoon as it is born; by carrying it thro the Pores, with all its acrid Salts, and other Malignity along with it, like Water thro an Alembick: But he is not ſo much of an *Alchymiſt* as to know, that no Salts come over the Helm in Diſtillation; as he might find if he diſtill'd ſalt Water, which would come over all freſh, and leave the Salt behind.

P. 8. The Doctor is a little *teſty* at the Tranſlator of *Bellini*'s Book *de Febribus*, which he, like a naughty Man as he was (the better to make his Book ſell) call'd, *A mechanical Account of Fevers*, altho there was nothing *mechanical* in all that Diſcourſe; which makes me very cautious how I call his *Febrifugum Magnum* a mechanical Account of *cold Water*, for this would be to wrong the Doctor *moſt immechanically*; and tho I am

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not the Doctor's *Tranſlator*, yet I am his *Commentator*, and explain his meaning (*where there is any*) not perhaps according to the *Letter*, but according to the *Spirit* of it, as a late *Grand Monarch* uſed to do his Treaties, and according to the Revelation he once had when he was *faſt aſleep*, and under the inſpiration of *Morpheus*: and therefore if I ſhould call his Book a *new Theory*, a *new Revelation*, or *a liquid Dream*, of fair Water and Fevers, I hope he would not call me *coram nobis* for it. For I am ſo far from envying the Doctor that Honour, which is juſtly his due on this account, that was it in my power, he ſhould have a chief Place in *Winſtanley*'s Water-Works, *in perpetuam rei Memoriam.*

The Doctor ſays *very gravely*, and cautiouſly, that *for ought he knows*, Dr. *Sydenham* broke the Ice as to the *cold Regimen*; now if the Doctor firſt broke the Ice, it is no wonder that he *firſt* got at the Water, for how ſhould he elſe come at it? But be that as it will, this is a *notable Diſcovery*, and a very *uſeful Note* in our way; and which every Reader might not have underſtood, if I had not thus explain'd it.

The Doctor, like a *generous Soul*, ſays, *that no body would be more glad than he to ſee Phyſick, both in Theory and Practice, reduced to a Demonſtration.* p. 10.
There have been many ingenious Books wrote of late about the animal OEconomy, animal Secretion, &c. p. 11.
we have mechanical accounts of Fevers, and of the Non-naturals; but theſe are not enough to raiſe Phyſick to a demonſtrative Science, equal to Geometry; and to prove it, he learnedly ſays, *There are a great many Rationale's of Fevers by eminent Hands, as Mechanical as any can be given from Geometry or Algebra, Mechanicks or Hydroſtaticks.* p. 12. And again, *Well! we'll ſuppoſe all this done, and done Mechanically and to a Demonſtration: But what are we the better?* p. 13.

better? How! nothing the better for a *Mathe-*
p. 15. *matical Demonſtration?* No, for *I believe that all our Reaſonings are dark* (the Doctor ſpeaks experimentally) *and ſhort, and far from Demonſtration, in this, as in moſt philoſophical matters; and that Phyſick has little to do with Geometry, except perhaps in ſome very few parts of it.* Now if the Doctor does not want an Interpreter, no Man ever did: for firſt he wants to ſee Phyſick reduced to a *Demonſtration*; and ſecondly he ſays it has been done, as mechanically as can be by *Geometry* or *Algebra*, *Mechanicks* or *Hydroſtaticks*, and to *a Demonſtration*, even juſt as he wiſh'd it, and yet *it all ſignifies nothing*; for it is all ſhort of a Demonſtration, or, altho it is *demonſtratively demonſtrated*, yet it wants a *Demonſtration:* for our Reaſonings are ſo ſhort, that we know not when a Thing is *demonſtrated* very plainly, and when not; which is another plain *Demonſtration* that the Doctor was faſt aſleep at the time of writing this *demonſtrative Demonſtration.*

p. 14. But to compound for this *Allegory*, the Doctor inſinuates that Diſtempers may be cured, without our being at leaſt *demonſtratively* ſure, either of the Cauſe of them, or the manner of the Operation of the Medicine that cures them; and that we muſt regard Experience with ſome little Reaſoning upon it: but then being conſcious,
p. 15. that this way of talk is *Old-womaniſh*, he asks this Queſtion, *to what purpoſe is all this?* (that is, if it is to no purpoſe, to what purpoſe is it?) to which he *very archly* replies, *I deſign it for no body but my ſelf.* Now as the Doctor goes out of the common road in every thing, ſo he is certainly the firſt Man that ever wrote a Book for himſelf: which, however, is a plain Proof that he is no *Empirick*, for they pretend to do all for the *publick good*; whereas the Doctor writes

writes for the good of himſelf only; and that *if he be ſure of the* Hoti, *he does not trouble himſelf about the* Dihoti; and like *a good Man*, owns, that all his Experience came by *Accident*, and that ſix Months before he wrote his Book, he had forgot the moſt common Terms in Phyſick, and the names of common Simples and Compoſitions, and that he was in fear to talk more like a *Fool* than a Phyſician, and therefore he took time to read a little; and certainly he was very much in the right on't, for he had elſe moſt certainly made a moſt wretched piece of work on't. I am intirely of the Doctor's opinion, *that we have a ſet of as learned and good Phyſicians as ever we had, or perhaps* (or without a *perhaps*) *ever ſhall have.* And the more is the pity, for of what uſe will they be? For if a Patient be ill, it is only putting him to Bed, and giving him a pint of cold Water, and whip! the Fever is gone; or as the Doctor more *waggiſhly* has it, *put him to Bed, and pour a pint of cold Water on his Head, and he will be as quiet as a Lamb.* Gentlemen, do you ſee this *thirſty*, red-hot *Phantom?* Gentlemen, this is what we call a *Fever*; now Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee, how by my Art of *hocus pocus*, I'll make this Tyrant run away, like a Dog that has burnt his Tail. In the name of cold Water: Hey! paſs! preſto! ariſe Blunderbus! *Hixius Doxius!* Begone! —— look ye there Gentlemen! do you ſee now? — *Lau ye now!* where's the Fever? Gone! fled! and dead as a Door-Nail. It's true there is ſomething more to be ſaid, when you *exorciſe* a Fever out of an old Maid, or a Perſon with a *Crump-back.* Which tho I could tell ye all that Trick, yet for brevity-ſake, I ſhall omit it, till I publiſh my Eſſays on *ſtewed Prunes*, and pickled Cucumbers, which cannot be done (*for Reaſons of State*) until after the Dog-days.

p. 14. p. 8. p. 16. p. 19. p. 13.

p. 10. The Doctor ſays, that this Trick of *Fever-killing* he little thought (*viz.* dream't) of 30 Years ago; and for near that time, he has not
p. 16. had a Phyſick-Book by him to read: So that he has neither read, nor been taught, and yet is become a great *Dab* at Phyſick; which is *tacitly* owning what I have been ſtriving to prove, that the Doctor had it by Revelation in a Dream; and the firſt occaſion of it was, that about 28
p. 19, 20. Years ago, the Doctor had *a terrible* Fit of the Jaundice, a Fever, and Cough; that if he had not ſat up for two Months together, he had been *broke to pieces.* Now, as the Doctor is a very *Ænigmatical* Gentleman, I am to acquaint the *gentle Reader*, that the Doctor was *Hide-bound*, and ſo if he had not ſat up, had *burſt his Skin*, or *broke to pieces:* but this is not all, for he *got up* Phlegm *as black as his Hat*; *he got it up*, but has left us in the dark as to the manner how, neither do we know how black the Doctor's Hat was, which is another misfortune; and it may be doubted, whether that black *Phlegm* had been any blacker than *Butter-milk*, if the Breach in the Doctor's Lungs had not tinctur'd it with Blood, which in moſt Chriſtians is *red.* However, the next Spring the Doctor was afraid, becauſe of the *breach in his Lungs*, leſt he ſhould *not get thro it*; that is, he was afraid he ſhould not be able to *mount the breach:* but how he ſhould get thro a Breach in his own Lungs, is *a Problem*, not to be ſolved by *Euclid.* However ſo it was, that's certain, and the *Breach* fill'd up, and Jaundice cur'd, *with cold Water.*

p. 21. Then the Doctor tells us, *he had a Son of his own:* Good! the Doctor had a Son of *his own*, who was his *own Son*; that *fell ill*, *got up*, *came down*, *fell down*, *was carried to Bed*, *fell* into a Sweat, and ſweat ſo much, that he drench'd his

his *Shift*. *N. B.* By *Shift* here, we muſt underſtand *Shirt*, and then the thing is as plain as *a Pike-Staff:* However by this Sweat with cold Water the Child got as *ſound as a Roach*; but thro taking cold, *fell* ill again, and *ſweat upon the Matter*, and was cur'd. Now there is nothing difficult in all this, but *ſweating upon the Matter*, when we had not heard of any *great Matter* in all the Story: I do affirm that by Sweating upon the Matter, the Doctor did not mean, that the Boy had an Ulcer upon his Back which ran *Matter* or *Pus*; but the Bed being a *material* Subſtance, and Subſtance being Matter, and the Doctor being very *Conundrumically* inclin'd; the Child's ſweating *upon the Matter*, is no more than if the Doctor had told us, *in plain Engliſh*, that the Child ſweat *on his Bed*; and there's an end of the *Matter*. P. 22.

Another Story of the Doctor's is, that *a Woman in his neighbourhood fell ill*, and *ſo* ill, *that the good Women about her* ſtick'd *not to ſay it was little better than the Plague*. Strange! — but ſtranger yet; *the Man kept a Coffee-houſe!* Well, and what then? Why then the Man *fell ill* alſo, and *ſo ill*, that he own'd himſelf *worſe than his Wife was*; that is, proceeding from *bad* to *worſe!* an *ill* Wife, and a Husband *worſe* than She: and it appears he was a *very ill Man*, by this Circumſtance, That *when a Clergyman perſuaded him to go to Bed* (or upon the Matter) *becauſe* he thought *he could cure him*; *the Man* thought *he banter'd him*. Sorry Man! Not to believe a Man, that aſſur'd him of a Cure, *in verbo Sacerdotis*. However at laſt, he *perſuaded* him to go to Bed, made him drink a quart of Water, *fell* into a great Sweat, and the next Day was well: here's the Woman *fell ill*, and the Man *fell ill*, and *ſo ill*, that he was *worſe* than P. 23.

his Wife; till the Clergyman *perſuaded* him to be *perſuaded* to go to bed, where a quart of Water *fell* into the Man's Guts, by which he *fell* into a great Sweat, and ſo *fell* very well again, contrary to the opinion of ſeveral *learned old Women* of great Veracity: ſo making good the Proverb, that *all's well that ends well.*

p. 26. The next Secret the Doctor diſcovers is, *That within a Year after he took Orders, he was Curate in a great Pariſh, eight or ten Miles over.* This was a great Pariſh indeed! eight or ten Miles over quoth-a! ſure this was the Pariſh of *Kent* or *Cumberland*, or ſome other Pariſh out of the Bills of Mortality. But what may ſtumble the Reader, is the word OVER, *viz.* whether the Doctor means it was eight or ten Miles in *Diameter*, or in Length, or ſo much in *Circumference*; becauſe we don't find of what *Geometrical Figure* it conſiſted, whether an *oblong Triangle*, or a *triangular Square.* But we can eaſily ſet this matter in a very clear Light, by ſaying (and that truly) that eight or ten Miles *over*, is eight or ten Miles *over.* But, what is yet more wonderful, is, that *in it there was a great Market-Town:* What! a Market-Town in a Pariſh it did not belong to? Now ſome People would have ſaid, that in *ſuch* a County there was *a great Market-Town*, whoſe Bounds or Extent were *ſuch*, as were eight or ten Miles in Diameter. But the Doctor gives us an account of a large Pariſh, with a large Market-Town in it! But in this *great Pariſh* and *great Town*, there being a *great many* Folk ſick, *a great many* died, on which account the Doctor put on his *conſidering Cap.* *A fancy ran in his Head, that Sudorificks were the moſt proper Cure for Fevers, and that was the very firſt occaſion of his hitting upon this Secret of the cold Regimen!* Happy Man! and happy we, to live to ſee it divulg'd!

p. 27.

But

But now comes *the Cream of the Jeſt*; the Doc- ibid.
tor ſays, that he has verily thought this twenty Years (and that's a very long thought indeed!) that if a Man would drink off a *Pint* or *Quart* of Water when he feels the Ague a coming upon him, and go to Bed upon it (and ſweat, I ſuppoſe, tho the Doctor does not ſay ſo) he believes it would cure him at the ſecond taking it at fartheſt! —— I don't wiſh the Doctor an Ague, to make the Experiment; but the very thoughts of it are apt to put one into a Condition far different from a Sweat. But the Doctor I find is willing to ſubſtitute cold Water in the room of the Bark: for he ſays, *that he had a Son, as CLEVER and healthful a Man as moſt are*; (and indeed this is as *clever a Story* as moſt are in his Book) *that got an Ague, and truſted to the Bark for a Cure, for half a Year together: But* (now you ſhall hear a *bad*, and *bad* Caſe) *whether it were the bad Country, or the bad Ague, or the bad Bark* (or the bad Doctor that gave it, or the bad management of the Patient that took it) *or the long taking of it if it were good*, (or the not cleanſing the firſt Paſſages before he began to take it, or took it in proper quantities, or at due intervals, all which ſome *ſilly Phyſicians* think eſſential to the Cure of an Ague with the Bark) *he never after was an healthy Man: but I believe it is eaſier to get good Water than good Bark.* True! true! and much cheaper too! Beſides the conveniency of taking it *whole*, and *without pouder-ing*. But as there is ſometimes a difficulty to get good Bark, ſo I fear it will be full as difficult to get Water *ſo good* as to cure an Ague, which if the Doctor can do, I ſhall ſay, it is *clever Water*.

As to the Bark, its Contexture (upon its being broke) appears like little *Cylinders* or Needles, ſhoot-

ſhooting one over another, and when it is broke tranſverſly, thoſe Points appear very viſible; and the difficulty of reducing it to an impalpable Pouder, and the little alteration it undergoes by a long Infuſion, with its manifeſt Aſtringency on the Tongue, are ſufficient Proofs of its Solidity, and angular Figure. And *hence* we learn how it is *ſo effectual* in the Cure of Agues: and that is, 1. Sometimes to deſtroy thoſe *Viſcidities* in the Juices, that obſtruct the Capillaries and ſmall Veſſels: And, 2. To invigorate the Vibrations of the Solids, and to draw them up to ſuch a *Tenſity*, as may prevent the Generation of new Matter. Now by the ſmallneſs, ſolidity, and irregularity of its Particles, when mixed with the Blood, it preſently increaſes the *Occurſions*, and Impulſes of its Parts one againſt another, whereby its *Coheſions* will be broke, and the occaſion of them prevented for the future: that is, the Blood *thereby* will become *leſs viſcid*, and *more fluid*, and ſo *Digeſtion*, and a proper *Comminution* of the Juices, will be the better perform'd, by its *corrugating* the Nerves, and making the Contractions of the Veſſels more vigorous. And thus when the Blood comes to be loaded with the Particles of this *Drug*, the Fibres in all Parts will be ſhortned, and corrugated at once, whereby the whole Body will acquire ſuch a ſtrength and firmneſs, as will enable it not only to keep off the Attacks of the morbifick Matter, but to expel it, as an Enemy, out of the whole human *Syſtem*. I could ſay much more to account for the operation of the Bark, in the Cure of Agues; but I conceive the Doctor is an utter ſtranger to this kind of Reaſoning, and therefore ſhall *puzzle him* no farther; only deſire him *if he can*, to give ſo much as *one Reaſon*, why Water ſhould cure an Ague, and then, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Apollo. But theſe are Speculations peculiar to Men, *that are got but very little farther than the old, calidum & ſiccum, frigidum & humidum, calidum & humidum, frigidum & ſiccum, of the Antients.* But to proceed, p. 14.

As at p. 21. the Doctor told us he had *a Son of his own*, that *fell ill* with Trembling and Shiverings; ſo here he as elegantly informs us that he had *a Daughter of his own*, which as he thought *fell ill* of a Fever, but it proved the Small-Pox; he gave her a *good Doſe* of cold Water; but how much that *good Doſe* was, the Doctor does not ſay, but he ſays ſomething as edifying, and that is, *that it did not make her ſweat, which he* wonderfully *wonder'd at*; and that *he gave her Toaſt and Water, which he aſſures us, is a very pleaſant Liquor, almoſt of the colour of Canary*; upon which the Small-Pox came out plentifully, and ſhe ſlept well *upon the matter*; and which is ſtill *better* and *gooder*, the Lady did not loſe her Beauty, (which I heartily rejoice at) *nay to this Day, unleſs you look very near* (which would be very unmannerly) *and almoſt on purpoſe*, (or for the nonce, and with a deſign to ſpy Faults) *you cannot ſee that ſhe has had 'em.* And the Doctor ſays that he don't remember that ever he ſaw any one, that *had 'em worſe; that is (ſays the Doctor very learnedly) that had more of 'em.* So that to have a great Plenty of a good ſort, is to have 'em as bad as bad can be: but the Doctor is ſo good as to explain himſelf by ſaying, *I am ſure never any, with ſo many, that had 'em better*; that is, *he never ſaw any body that had 'em worſe, that ever had 'em better.* And hence it appears, *he ſays*, that the Life of the Game (*moſt ciceronically expreſs'd!*) is to quell the Fever at the very firſt. But very often there is no Fever at all, or not ſufficient to drive out and plump the Puſtules: Oh! no matter, p. 34. p. 36.

matter, whether there is any Fever or not, yet *quell it and keep it under*; for it is the *Life* of the *Game*; but what that *Game* is, I muſt wait for another Dream to diſcover; but it ſeems to me, at preſent, *a Game at Hotcockles.*

Well, Water is not only the *beſt Remedy* in the Small-Pox, but the *Meaſles* alſo; and here the Doctor tried it (*like a good Man, that would not try Tricks upon Strangers*) upon another of his own Daughters; but firſt, he put her under the Care of an antient Apothecary, (*half as good as an ordinary* Doctor) however the young Lady grew *worſer* and *badder*; inſomuch that the Doctor's Lady would not truſt her *with any body*, p. 41. but ſat up her ſelf, with *ſome body* to aſſiſt her; ſo that ſhe had a much better Opinion of *ſome body*, than ſhe had of *any body*, whom (for good Reaſons no doubt) ſhe would not truſt however. Notwithſtanding the good Lady her ſelf did all ſhe could, and had the aſſiſtance of *ſome body*, and then it's like would have took the advice of *any body*; yet the Daughter was ſo ill, that they had thoughts of ſending for the *Apothecary* in the Night-time; but he being neither *ſome body*, nor *any body*, but being old, was next of kin to *no body*: and therefore they did not think fit to ſend for him: but the Doctor ſent his Lady to Bed; and with four Wine-glaſſes of cold Water, given at a ſmall diſtance, brought the Patient from Death's door, (*where ſhe was juſt lifting up the Latch to go in*) and placed her in *ſtatu quo*, without ſo much as calling the Apothecary out of his Bed; to the Doctor's *immortal Honour*, and the Damſel's *great Conſolation*, the old Lady's *exceeding Joy*, and the whole Family's *Edification*; and all by the *quinteſſential Spirit of cold Water!* Well! all this may be: but the Plot thickens, and the beſt is yet behind:

hind: at twenty one or twenty two Years of Age the Doctor was in a *bad Conſumption*, and ſo *bad* it was, that his Doctor thought he would die; and the Doctor being born for great Diſcoveries, and having obſerv'd that in *all* Colds, *ſome* ſharp Rheum comes out of the Noſe, tho the greater part falls upon the Lungs, reſolv'd to try if he could not turn the Current wholly to his Noſe; wiſely conſidering that it was more *eligible* to have a *ſore Noſe*, than *ſore Lungs*: and a very *ſore*, but *deep* thought it was! So that he aſſures us, *the very next Cold he had, he did nothing elſe* (that is, he did nothing but blow his Noſe, whilſt he was blowing it) *but blow his Noſe as hard as he could, without bringing Blood, for a day or two*; and at length by that method, brought the *handle of his Face* to ſo compliable a Temper, that from thence-forward all his Colds diſcharg'd themſelves *moſt obediently* that way, without any loſs of Time, or hindrance of Buſineſs; and then by taking cold Water, he ſo thick- p. 45.
ened the Rheum, and ſweetned the *Lympha*, that he could *follow his Noſe* in a few days with *great Tranquillity*, and ſee as far beyond it as uſual.

Thus far have I led the *gentle Reader* on, by eaſy ſteps, to contemplate the Excellency of a Gentleman born for great Things, whoſe Notions (like the purling Streams from whence he takes the Water with which he cures *everything*) glide on with ſweeteſt ſoftneſs, and travel thro many ſecret *Meanders*, ſtill affording ſomething charming and new. *Hitherto* we have been entertain'd with the Uſe and Excellency of *cold Water*; and one would think nothing more could be added: But the dear ſurprizing dreaming Man, all on a ſudden, and when no living Soul dreamt any thing of the matter, makes at once a *tranſition* from *cold Water*; and moſt agreeably entertains us with a diſh of *ſtewed Prunes*. ibid.

I cannot find a better place (ſays this great Man) *to tell the World what cur'd the breach in my Lungs; I cough'd up Blood, or bloody Matter, for ſix or ſeven Years, more or leſs, and chiefly in a Morning; and becauſe I could not walk ſo far as the New-River-Head without coughing up Blood, I was wholly confin'd to walk in the Town. I took all the Remedies*
p. 46. *I could think of my ſelf, or be directed to by others, without effect.* But now for the greateſt Diſcovery that ever was made known to the Sons of Men! *I came home one Night when I was very bad* (and it is to be fear'd that he came home but badly) *my Wife asked me if I would eat any Supper,* (and a very proper queſtion it was) *I ſaid NO* (it was very probable that it was, *no I thank ye,* only the Doctor does not love to trumpet his own Praiſes) *ſaid ſhe* (that is, Mrs. *H.* ſaid) *I have ſome ſtewed Prunes, you uſed to love thoſe* (what a kind, innocent, and ſweet *Confabulation* was here!) *I conſented ſhe ſhould bring ſome of them.* — She brought me a pint Porringer *half full,* — *I eat 'em all up,* (that is, all the Prunes, not any of the Porringer) *I went to Bed, and in the Morning, whereas I uſed to cough up Blood, and bloody Matter, three or four times (which made me very weak)*
p. 47. *that Morning I did not cough up any at all, nor indeed cough at all*; and by the continued uſe of ſtewed Prunes, half a pint every Night, (but how long he cannot tell) the Doctor recover'd his Health and Strength. Now how ſtewed Prunes, that by nature are *laxative* and opening, ſhould aſſume to themſelves a reſtringent balſamick Quality, and paſſing thro the Blood by Circulation arrive at the Lungs, and there electively adhere and ſtop the *bad Breach there,* in the ſpace of one Night, *the Doctor has omitted to inform us:* and I muſt needs chide him for not putting down in his *Diary* how many he eat in all; but we will ſuppoſe it to be a couple of

Hogſ-

Hogſheads or thereabouts: However, I think, that is not quite ſo material, as for him to have given us the Receipt *how they were ſtewed*; for that I take to be a very great Point, and much to the purpoſe, and the Doctor would do well to oblige the *learned World* with it. And altho he has already told us, that *cold Water* is the beſt thing in the World for ſtopping a Cold, and taking off a Cough, he now aſſures us that ſtewed Prunes *are better*; but to make us ſome amends, he leaves his ſtewed Prunes at *ſixes* and *ſevens*, and runs us inſenſibly into the virtues of *hot Water*, as he did before from *cold Water* to ſtewed Prunes. *When I was Curate for eight or* ibid. *ten Years in A GREAT PARISH* (probably that before mention'd eight or ten Miles over) *I read Prayers, and preach'd twice*, viz. twice a day, (as I have heard of ſome that did ſo, and made nothing at all on't) in *a great Church*, and to *a great Congregation* (here the word *great* is the Doctor's great Darling) *and had often Buryings and Chriſtenings, the ſame Evening* (and perhaps a Wedding or two in the Forenoon alſo) *I was ſpent and fatigu'd, and wanted ſomething to refreſh me, and take off my Wearineſs.* Now perhaps you'll ask why he did not take a glaſs of Sack? Why! he did ſo, and ſeveral other comfortable things beſides: But they are p. 48. all Hog-waſh in compariſon of hot Water, with a Toaſt in it, being drank five or ſix diſhes without Sugar; for the Water imbibes the Spirit of the toaſted Bread (*which to be ſure is very great and extremely nouriſhing*) and then the Bread takes off the vomiting quality of the warm p. 49. Water; ſo that the one is an Antidote for the other; *and it's not ſo much the quality, as the quantity of the Liquor that gives the refreſhment.* But if that be ſo, then *Tea* Water-gruel, or even Peaſe-Porridge, may do as well. Why, ſo they

may, *full at well!* only warm Water *is better*: and this puts me in mind of what I have ſometimes heard, that if you make a Poſſet of hot Water and cold, the *Curd* will not choak ye, which is as great a Truth as any in the Doctor's
p. 38. Book, if I do not *miſremember*, as the Doctor very wittily has it.

p. 49. But to follow the Doctor, *I think by this*, (viz. by what he has ſaid of the Excellency of hot Water to refreſh one when weary, *p.* 48.) *any one may ſee that there cannot be a more refreſhing Liquor than Toaſt and Water in Fevers.* Admirable this! that becauſes it takes off Wearineſs, it muſt needs cool a Fever! Hitherto we have been directed to cold Water in Fevers, and now a
p. 47. Toaſt *pops* in to warm it; *but that's no matter, the Doctor will ſpeak what he thinks*, that is, he will *write* what he thinks; and he ſhall *think* what he pleaſes, *maugre* any Man that does *think* to the contrary. Well! now Water *warm'd* is beſt, and continues ſo for three or four Pages; and
p. 52. then, *I verily believe that a Doſe of cold Water given in Bed as ſoon as the Fever begins (if the Fever begin firſt)*—— Hey day! if the Fever begin firſt? How firſt? What! if the Fever begin before you take the Water? I thought the Water had been given, becauſe the Fever was begun, or elſe what was it given for? Muſt a Man go to bed and fill his Guts with cold Water, and lie there expecting a Fever, or how? For the Expreſſion, *begin firſt*, naturally ſuppoſes it. Well! this only ſhews us, that we are to day Men, and to morrow—— *Blunderbuſſes.* But the Doctor clears himſelf very *cleverly* of this, by ſuppoſing the Fever ſymptomatical of a *Quinſey*, *Pleuriſy*, *Eryſipelas*, &c. but then he knocks all on the head again, by ſaying, *generally ſpeaking thoſe Diſtempers are not the Cauſe of Fevers, but the contrary.*

As

As to the Quinſey, p. 51. *he is ſure that cold Water will cure it:* ay, full as well as *Dogs-T —— and Honey:* no doubt out! *if taken in Time* —— Right! if taken before you ail any thing, it will moſt certainly cure ye——Not that the Doctor is againſt Bleeding alſo: No! he is not willing to ſpoil the Apothecaries Buſineſs, and Surgeons alſo at once; *but all he ſays is, that a Quinſey has been cured even without Blood-letting, and may again by cold Water, tho perhaps better with it.* Ay, *may-hap ſo* too! for what *has been, may be,* and there's *nothing new under the Sun,* except the Doctrine of *cold Water,* which the Doctor has ſo *generouſly* communicated to the World. But the *Doctor has ſeen a Pleuriſy, that was cauſed by terrible fretting and vexation from unkind Uſage, cured by drinking a great DEAL of cold Water.* Happy Man! and happy we, that are a *fretful Generation,* and meet with very unkind Uſage to boot! *Quære,* if it will cure the *Frets,* that proceed from any other Cauſe? p. 51.

But Water is good in Aſthma's alſo of any kind, p. 53. *whether Dyſpnæa's, Orthopnæa's,* or any other ſort with hard Names, *or if it proceed from the narrowneſs and ſtraitneſs of the Paſſages of the Lungs, or want of due Elaſticity in the Arteries.* This may be, but then *Ditch-Water* taken in *March* muſt be the thing; becauſe (the Frogs having then juſt ſpawn'd) *ſuch Water* is then full of *Tadpoles,* which taken with the Water into the Blood, may by *wrigling* their Tails about in their Paſſage, give the Arteries *a due Elaſticity*; and when they come to the Lungs, *neſtle* their little Heads thro the narrow Paſſages, and clear away all the viſcous Matter that lodges there, and ſo make the Patient *long-winded*; and if the Doctor can give any better account of the *Modus operandi* of cold Water in the cure of an *Aſthma,* he is very welcome to it.

p. 54. But he ſays, *if an Aſthma proceeds from Dryneſs or (as I may ſay) Schirrouſneſs of the more ſolid and fleſhy Parts of the Lungs, nothing I think can be better than Water to moiſten and mollify thoſe Schirroſities.* Yes, no doubt on't, if one could pour Water directly upon the Lungs: but the miſchief is, it cannot paſs at all thro the *Aſpera Arteria*, but *that* and all other *Potables* as well as *Edibles* go thro the *OEſophagus* to the Stomach, and then paſſing over the *Pylorus*, and entring the *Venæ Lacteæ*, ſo take their Courſe with the *Chyle* to the *Receptaculum Chyli*, and from thence ariſe thro the *Ductus thoracicus* to the left *ſubclavian Vein*, and ſo glide on to the deſcending branch of the *Cava*; and after that to the right *Auricle*, and then to the right Ventricle of the Heart; then by its *Syſtole* they are forced thence into the Lungs, and then deſcend into the left *Auricle* of the Heart, *&c.* ſo that if the Doctor was to ſwallow a quart of Water, it muſt (*comparatively*) take as great a Circuit thro his Body, before it could come to his Lungs, as he did, when *he*
p. 55. *walked eight or ten Miles to Breakfaſt*; and which is more, *he did it pretty much upon the ſtretch too*, which is an Expreſſion that puts my Invention as much upon the *ſtretch* to come at its meaning, as it will the Doctor's to underſtand what I have been juſt now (in an anatomical way) explaining. However the Doctor ſays, that *if he was to walk for a Wager, he would drink a Pint of cold Water*; but let who will walk with him for me! for if he can walk ſo well for nothing but a Breakfaſt, how would he ſtretch his Legs for a Wager? But now we know the reaſon why he walks ſo
p. 56. far for a Breakfaſt; *I ſeldom want a good Stomach to my Breakfaſt, and hardly ever yet wanted as good a Stomach to my Dinner.* So that having naturally
p. 55. a craving Appetite, *and being a pretty good Walker in his Time, and ſtill pretty good for his Age*, it is no

won-

wonder why he walk'd eight or ten Miles to a Breakfaſt, and eight or ten Miles back *again* to a Dinner.

He ſays next, *that a glaſs or two of cold Water* p. 57.
(he thinks) will cure the Heart-burning ſooner than Chalk. But what if Chalk was given in the Water?——Ay, that's true! but then one ſhould be in more danger of getting the *Green-ſickneſs*; and perhaps *that* the Doctor was aware of: However, this he very modeſtly tells us, with an [*I think*] but now *he thinks he is pretty ſure* (or he is pretty ſure that he thinks) *a good large Doſe of cold Water* (a Pond-full, and lie half an hour totally under it) *is very good to ſtop a violent Vomiting, I mean ſuch a Vomiting as comes of it ſelf*; that is, ſuch a Vomiting as comes without being ſent for. Witty! outrageouſly witty! the Doctor would not ſay as our *ſilly* Phyſicians do, a *ſpontaneous Vomiting*, but *a Vomiting that comes of it ſelf*. Well! of all Men that ever wrote, that was not a Phyſician (as the Doctor ſays he is none) none ever wrote more unlike a Phyſician than honeſt Doctor *H.*

Says *the Doctor*, if I *durſt for being laugh'd at* (and indeed there is ſome danger of it) *by the Phyſicians and others*, (but why others?) I would ſay here *what I think of the Cure of the* Cholera Morbus *by Water*. Prithee Man ſpeak out! and let not thy noble Courage be caſt down! *Why* p. 57.
then it ſhall out——If the Water put the Patient into a Sweat——What then?——*For ought I know* (good!)—*It might be a ſtep to the Cure.*—*However I fancy* (and Fancy goes a great way in ſome things) *that it would ſtop the Vomiting*, &c. that is, if the Vomiting *came of it ſelf*, as is before noted. *But of this I know nothing but by gueſs*, (and gueſs-work they ſay is beſt, *if it hits*) and *uncertain Reaſoning, in which I may eaſily be miſtaken.* p. 58.
Ay, nothing like Experience! and without Conjuring

juring one may tell, *that it is eaſy for the Doctor to be miſtaken*, when there is ſuch pregnant Proof of it, for 108 Pages together.

But now the Doctor is ſeiz'd with a fit of the *Cholick*; and ſays, *that he is convinced partly by Reaſon, and partly by Experience, that cold Water will not only take away a Fit, but the Cauſe of it too.* And I am convinced, not *partly* and *partly*, but *wholly*, and by Reaſon, that the Doctor is, like his Son, *as clever a Man as moſt are* at ſome Things; but he ſeems not to conſider how many ſorts of Cholicks Mankind is ſubject to, which proceeding from *different Cauſes*, require *different Methods of* Cure; ſo that could the Doctor's cold Water cure *any one* of them, it is not poſſible however that it ſhould cure *another*, proceeding from a quite *different Original*. As 1. The *bilious Cholick*, proceeding from Acrimony, or redundancy of Choler irritating the Bowels, and cauſing *a Diarrhœa*; and here indeed cold Water bids the faireſt. 2. A *flatulent Cholick*, cauſed by Wind pent up in the Bowels; and this calls for *Carminatives*. 3. An hyſterick Cholick, which ariſes from Diſorders of the Womb, and affects the Bowels by conſent of Parts, and is to be cured by Hyſtericks. 4. A *nervous Cholick*, coming from *convulſive Spaſms*, of the Inteſtines themſelves, and is beſt managed with *briſk Cathartick*s, in conjunction with *Opiates*, taking plentifully at the ſame time of emollient Diluters. And the 5. Is the *Stone-Cholick*, which is to be encounter'd with *Nephriticks*, oily Diureticks, *&c.* Now ſhould we manage *all theſe ſorts* after the *ſame way* and manner; and particularly ſhould we give cold Water in all of them, it would (as a merry Grig has it) *have the ſame effect, as if we ſhould lay the muzzle of a Piſtol into the Patient's Fundament, and let fly in hopes to clear the way of all Obſtructions.* But the Doctor has this

to ſay, *that if his Method ſhould not work the Cure, it would do but little harm*, which, I humbly conceive, is as great an Error as the reſt, for the Reaſons above; but for the *greater certainty*, I refer my ſelf to the Doctor's *better Judgment*. And as to what he ſays, *that a Perſon of Quality, that had the Cholick, and upon taking cold Water the cholicky Humour was thrown out into a Raſh*; I think it a *raſh Experiment*, and a great *Raſhneſs* to imitate the Practice. p. 58.

The Doctor ſays, *he believes a regular Gout would cure the Rheumatiſm*; that is, it would do it, as eating plentifully of *Garlick* takes away the ſmell of *Onions*, from a Perſon that has his Breath perfum'd with 'em; and much about as *cleverly* as cold Water would cure the *Rheumatiſm*, and Gout too, *which the Doctor verily believes it will*; and ſays, *that Phyſicians have hardly been more miſtaken in any thing than the notion of Concoction*. And Dr. *Willis* was ſo ſilly as *to diſtinguiſh between a Fever and its Venom; and that many learned Phyſicians have confeſs'd that they did not underſtand either the Cauſe or Cure of Fevers*; and quotes *Sydenham* as ſaying, *that if Fevers could be cured only by Sudorificks, any body might be a Phyſician*. Now if the Phyſicians that wrote of Fevers, did neither underſtand their *Cauſe* or *Cure*; I beſeech the Doctor to tell us what they wrote about? And I may retort upon the Doctor, that if cold Water would cure all Diſtempers, *any body might be a* Phyſician; for there is no great *Witchcraft* in putting a Perſon to Bed, and giving him a *pint* or a *quart* of cold Water. But the Doctor is for bringing *Phyſick* into the compaſs of a *Quart-Pot*: and as others have wrote of Fevers, which they did not underſtand, either as to their *Cauſe* or *Cure*; the Doctor reveals a certain Cure for them without knowing the *Cauſe*, or caring a Button from what *Cauſe* p. 62. p. 63. p. 72. p. 5. p. 3. p. 70.

they proceed, or why Water cures 'em: It is ſufficient for him that he knows it will *infallibly* do it; or if not, it will *infallibly* do no hurt; that is, *if it does not do it, it will let it alone.*

p. 76. As to Vomiting in Fevers, the Doctor ſays, *that when occaſion is, it may do good, but he never found that occaſion, ſince he uſed Water in Fevers; for as ſoon almoſt as the Water is given, the inclination to Vomit is gone, and the Stomach is eaſy.* Now it is hard to ſay what the Doctor means by *Vomiting*, whether it be about *giving* a Vomit, or concerning the *propenſity* or inclination *to Vomit*, that Perſons often have in Fevers. If he means the *former*, Water has nothing to do with it, unleſs given *hot*, and in large quantities; and if he means the *latter*, what becomes of all that load of *Phlegm* and *Choler* that oppreſs'd the Stomach, and provok'd Nature to a Diſcharge that way? Do they *ſubſide* in the Stomach, and lie quietly there for the future? Or do they return into the Inteſtines, and ſo paſs away by Stool? Or how elſe do they diſpoſe of themſelves?

p. 77. *I have had a Notion, ſays the Doctor, a great many Years (and perhaps a ſilly one)* very likely indeed! *That blooding, as it is commonly uſed in Fevers, does neither much good nor much hurt.* I ſhall agree with the Doctor, if he will allow, that it does not do *much good* where the Caſe does not *indicate* it, nor *much hurt* where it is *abſolutely needful*; but otherwiſe (if the Doctor is never ſo waſpiſh) I ſhall affirm that it does good or harm, as it is *wiſely* or *unwiſely* order'd, which only a prudent Phyſician is capable to judge of: but the reaſon of this uncertainty of knowing *when it* is to be adminiſtred, the Doctor tells us is, becauſe *Fevers are ſuch tickle Things.* Now here the Doctor wants an *Expoſitor*, for our *Engliſh ones* have no ſuch word; — tickle Things! — the word *tickles* my Fancy

Fancy ſtrangely! and is really *a tickliſh Point.* — I fancy the Doctor ſtill remembers a fragment of an old Song (common when he was a Boy) *of* John *come tickle me*, &c. But the Doctor's meaning is (if my Dreams do not *miſinform* me, or I *miſremember 'em*) that Fevers *will tickle a Man till his Heart akes*, or they are *tickle Things*, that is, things that give us a *diſagreeable Senſation*; which is *a Diſcovery* worth all the Price of his Book.

He ſays, *the only ſure way to promote a Circulation of the Blood, is to alter the Blood it ſelf; and that the great Fault of the Blood in Fevers is, that it wants Serum:* But I can hardly believe that *ſix, eight or ten Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of a Fever, can do any great good.* But with all due reſpect to the Doctor's *ſuperior Knowledge*, I muſt reply, that the want of *Serum* is not *always* the *great Fault* in Fevers, nor hardly ever (*at the beginning*) of any: for in ſome ſort of malignant Fevers, particularly thoſe attended with Spots, the Blood ſuffers a *Diſſolution*, and its Texture is wholly diſſolv'd and broke; and eight or ten Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of a Fever, when the whole Blood abounds *in quantity*, will help to ſtop its Career, and *ſo* abate its Force againſt the Veſſels too much oppreſs'd by its *quantity*, bearing hard againſt their ſides; which quantity being abated, its Impetuoſity is the eaſier curb'd by proper *Diluters*, or its Malignity overcome by Alexipharmicks. p. 79.

The laſt thing the Doctor artempts is, to *ſhew how probable it is, that cold Water will cure the Plague alſo*; and ſo it may the P—— too, with as much Reaſon: and yet *all Phyſicians confeſs, there is no Specifick as yet found out, that will certainly do it:* So that the Doctor is *wiſer than the wiſeſt*, and more wiſe than all the Men that are dead; and ſays, *If Water given in time, and in good quantity, will cauſe a plentiful Sweat, and take off the Fever,* p. 81. p. 87. p. 96.

'tis not improbable, it will likewiſe at the ſame time imbibe and abſorb thoſe noxious Particles of Matter that cauſed the Fever, be they of what kind they will, better than Alexipharmicks, &c. *and therefore wonders why Phyſicians ſhould ſo nicely diſtinguiſh between the Fever, and malignity in the Plague, when they know not wherein the malignity of the Plague conſiſts: and therefore I aſſert that cold Water is more likely to im-*
p. 97. *bibe and abſorb thoſe noxious and poiſonous Particles that cauſe the Fever,* &c. So that the thing is not only *not improbable*; but *more likely* to do it; altho
p. 101. he very honeſtly tells us that he has had *no Experience of it*, and hopes he never ſhall, and I wiſh ſo too; but he tells of a Woman and her Husband that were both cured of the Plague, by taking *Lamb's-Conduit* Water, and *queries whether other Water may not do as well?* O yes! as well! full as well! no doubt on't. He alſo re-
p. 102. lates another Story of a Gentleman, who was formerly a Reſident at *Morocco*, who (*once upon a time*) was afflicted with the Plague; when one of his brother Factors (*a rum Duke to be ſure*) gave him a Doſe of Rum for it, (*but how Rum ſhould come to* Morocco *the learned are not agreed*) and left a *Jew* to attend him, of whom he beg'd ſome *cold Water*; but he (*like a* Jew *as he was*) would give him none, till he was over perſuaded to it by the Eloquence of two or three *Ducats*; after which he *fell* into a violent Sweat, and that produced the beginnings of a *Bubo*, both which went off, at his taking more *Rum*; but by the Charity of another *Ducat*, the *Jew* gave him more cold Water, and *ſo Sir* he recover'd. And to this he adds another *excellent* Story of his *Ex-*
p. 103. *cellency*, an Embaſſador, that was cur'd of a Calenture by cold Water alſo.

Then he acquaints us of *Borelli*'s Method of al-
p. 105. tering the fermenting Salts in Fevers, *viz.* by giving other Salts contrary *to* and deſtructive *of* thoſe

thoſe Salts, already in the Blood—' But (*ſays*
' *he*) what are we the better, unleſs we can know
' what kind of *acrid* or *acid* Salts thoſe are—?' p. 105.
and if we know not of what Nature they are,
I cannot tell how we ſhall know what Salts are
deſtructive of them. Beſides, Salts are *dogged*
things, and Fevers are *tickle things*: here's *deſtruc-*
tive Salts, *acrid* Salts, *acid* Salts, *fermenting* Salts,
and *dogged* Salts, all *ſalted up* in a few Lines; be-
ſides ſome *tickle things* into the Bargain: and
why *Borelli* may not have leave to give *Salts*,
which he knows by Experience to be contrary
to the abounding *morbifick Salts* in the Blood,
without giving a *mathematical Account* of the Na-
ture of thoſe *morbifick Salts*, as well as the Doc-
tor give his *cold Water*, without giving any *ſuch*
Account, is not eaſy to ſay: only the Doctor ſays,
if his cold Water does no good, it will do no
harm; whereas in giving *Borelli*'s Salts, there is
danger to deſtroy ſomething elſe (*tho he does*
not ſay what) or elſe to join in with the common
Enemy. And now to draw to a Period, *I think*, p. 107.
ſays the Doctor, *no Drink can be more thin, ſmall,*
weak and watery, than Water it ſelf. Riſum te-
neatis—! nothing can be more *watery* than *Wa-*
ter—! nothing more ſmall! nothing more weak,
(*except the Doctor's Arguments*) that's poz—!
thin, weak, ſmall, and watery! weak, ſmall,
watery, and thin! watery, thin, ſmall, and
weak! a very pretty Jingle this! But as the
Doctor obſerves, *there is ſomething of faſhion in*
Phyſick, ſo there is ſomething of *jingle jangle* in
Words, which the Doctor ſeems to be very fond
of: tho I muſt own he is a great good Man,
who will not hide his Talent in a Napkin, *Wa-*
ter is his *Dream*, and Water is his *Theme*, his
Text and *Application*, his *End* and *Aim*, his *Pre-*
miſes and *Concluſion*; and if his Doctrine ſhould
ſpread, we may in a little time ride ten Miles

upon

upon a Stretch, and not be able to meet with a *Fever* for Love or Money; and ſhould there come a dry Summer, it is well if the *New-River* Company do not raiſe the Price of their Water; for all Mankind are naturally ſelfiſh, and given to *filthy Lucre*, and do not (like the Doctor) conſider the general Good.

But notwithſtanding the Doctor's brave *Alls*, the Diſcovery is not ſo *new*, as ſome may ignorantly imagine; for if I do not *miſremember*, there is a hint of it in the good old Song of *Moor* of *Moor-hall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley*; from whence I gather that both the *Champion* and the Dragon knew that cold Water was *exceedingly refreſhing*, viz.

But 'tis not Strength that always wins,
For Wit does Strength excel,
Which made our noble Champion
Creep down into a Well;
Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in ſooth;
And as he ſtoop'd low,
He roſe up, and cry'd Boh!
And hit him a Slap *on the Mouth.*

Now, tho I cannot altogether juſtify *Moor*'s Conduct in creeping ſo ſlily down into the Well, not only to *intimidate* and fright the Dragon by ſuch a ſudden Surprize (whereas had he been fairly out of the Well and unarm'd, and alone with the Dragon, *in Place where*, it is more than probable, he could not have ſaid Boh! to a Gooſe) but alſo to keep him from his *Aqua vitæ* in the Well, without which he could not *ſubſiſt*; nay, he did not only do *that*, but he alſo ſtruck him unawares: ſo that upon the whole, I muſt ſay that Mr. *Moor* was an unfair Champion, and ſhewed himſelf both a Coward, and a Man of

Cruelty;

Cruelty; but which of them he was *moſt*, is a Point *much what as difficult* as any in the Doctor's Book. And what I bring the Story for, is to ſhew how antient the uſe of cold Water is, and that not only *Moor* of *Moor-hall*, but the Dragon alſo was acquainted with its Virtues. I don't ſay that the Dragon abſolutely knew it would cure a Fever, (no, I would not bely the Dragon any more than I would the Doctor) but the Dragon knew by *happy Experience*, that it would *quench Thirſt*, and all People in Fevers are *thirſty*, and thoſe who are *thirſty* will *drink*, and the Doctor ſays *drinking* of Water will cure a Fever; *ergo*, the Secret is of an older Date than the Doctor, except we will ſuppoſe that no body ever drank Water in a Fever till the Doctor's Diſcovery. And *moreover*, and *beſides*, the Doctor will be oblig'd to tell us what they did drink inſtead of it; which I conceive he is not at leiſure to do. But perhaps the Doctor may pretend that *his Water* does *nothing*, except given *in bed*, and that the Patient ſweats *upon the Matter*; therefore, what I ſay does not prove that either Mr. *Moor* or the Dragon had any further underſtanding of the uſe of cold Water, than only to drink of it in common, *&c.* In anſwer to which, I cannot ſee but that Mr. *Moor* muſt ſweat moſt enormouſly, being in a *cloſe Well*, and in fear of ſome *dogged Trick* from the Dragon, (as I dare ſay the Doctor would, had he been in his place) and the Dragon, no doubt, ſweat too with Fear and Vexation, when he was not only deny'd a little Water to cool his *Pluck*, but aſſaulted and ſtruck over the *Face* and *Eyes*, when he little dreamt of any Diſturbance at all, as being about his *lawful Occaſions*. p. 79.

And laſtly, to take my leave of the Doctor, *whom I honour and reſpect* upon more Accounts than I ſhall diſcover to every body, I hope he

will have more Converts from the *Pulpit* than he is ever like to have from the *Preſs*; for I fear he will have but few Volunteers in his *Cold-Stream Regiment*, they will ſooner be perſuaded to drink *burnt Brandy* or *Peaſe-Porridge*: For alas! we live in a very degenerate Age, where a Man may write his Pen *quite out of Breath* (as it were) or preach his Lungs *all to Shivers*, before People will mind what he talks about; *the more's the Pity!* Which, with my humble Service to the Doctor, concludes my Anſwer *to*, and Remarks *on*, his moſt excellent *Febrifugum Magnum*.

Now ſtand off all ye Phyſicians, Apothecaries, Urine-*Caſters*, Figure-*Caſters*, and all other *Medicaſters*, from *Warwick-Lane* to my good Friends *Lang——m* and *Tr——r* in *Moreſields*, by what ever Name or Title dignified and diſtinguiſh'd; not excepting my dear Counſellor and Couſin, the Worm-killer in *Abchurch-Lane*. *Burn* all your Books, *break* your Gally-pots, *ſplit* your Gliſter-pipes, *throw away* your *Album Græcum* and the reſt of your *Slip-ſlops*, *pave* the Streets with your Pills, *purge* the Common-ſhore with your Potions, *preſent* your Bolus's and Pouders to the Scavengers, turn your Mortars into *Water-Cocks*, and your Peſtles into Grid-Irons, ſhut up your Shops, take to ſome other Calling, live honeſtly, and learn to *lap* cold Water: here will for the future be no Work for any of *you*, and but little for the *Sexton*: Men will now become half immortal, and except in *a dry Seaſon*, you ſhall not hear a Knell go in a long time; therefore make room for the *Water-Doctor*, and your humble Servant,

Gabriel John.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

LITTLE did I think, when I obliged the *learned World* with the first Edition of this Book, that any thing less than an *M. A.* or an *M. D.* or a *D. D.* or some Gentleman of one of the Universities, or at least a Man of common Sense, that could write English, and tell twenty, would have the Assurance to *push* me with his *Pen!* But as sometime a Gentleman is obliged to stand kick and cuff with Carmen and Porters, so we Authors of the *first Magnitude* are often compel'd to parry with our Pen such scoundrel Authors, as would be glad to be run thro the *Gizzard*, because they do not know how to live. As for my part, whilst I was deeply engaged in my Studies in the Country, and was as near finding out the Philosopher's Stone, as ever Fryer *Bacon* was, or even Dr. *Hancock* himself, down comes a Letter from my Bookseller, with a Pamphlet piping hot out of the Press, called *Remarks upon Remarks, &c.* which bore very hard upon one Dr. *Gardner*, and *punn'd*, very *DULLY*, upon this my Book, which all wise Men admire. Now you must know, that altho I am naturally of a very peaceable Disposition, yet I am a Man of Honour as well as Learning, and if you touch my *REP.* you touch my Life. But it would move any Man to see a *dull Fellow*, persuade him out of both his Christian-name and Sirname also, as this *Sauce-Box* does both Dr. *Gardner* and my self; he will needs have Dr. *Gardner's* Book to be wrote by *Daniel de Foe*, because he says

there is no Wit in it; and that this my Book was alſo wrote by *de Foe* becauſe it is Comical, and full of Wit: *but I don't thank him for his Compliment.* As to Dr. *Gardner* and Mr. *de Foe*, they are of Age to anſwer for themſelves, and both Strangers to me, as I believe they are to each other: *but this I know*, that this Book was not wrote by *de Foe*, nor by any other Perſon but by *Gabriel John ESQ*; altho this Author has ſo little Manners as to call me plain *Gabriel John*, becauſe I (forſooth) out of great Humility, gave my ſelf no Title at all. Yet be it known to all Men that I am deſcended from a noble and antient Houſe; as appears (*inter alia*, as the Lawyers expreſs it) by this very old merry Epitaph, on a Nameſake of mine of merry Memory, *viz.*

Pray for the Soul of Gabriel John,
Who dy'd in the year a thouſand and one;
If you will you may do't, or elſe let it alone,
'Tis all one.

But to inſiſt no longer on plain Fact, I do affirm, that in ſpite of all the *Clot-headed* Authors and *Bull-Riders* in *England*, I *Gabriel John* Eſq; and not *Daniel de Foe* Gent. am Author of this Book. When I firſt read his Title-Page, I found it very long, and promiſing great Matters; a certain ſign that the Author was of the *Grub-ſtreet* Breed, that uſed to get his Bread by writing Narratives of Apparitions, Murders, Fires, *&c.* in all which, if you read the Title, you read the whole Account: and I was confirm'd in my Opinion before I came to the laſt Page, (beyond all doubt) for from one end to the other, there is neither Argument, Learning, Senſe, Grammar, Manners, Reaſon, Wit, nor any thing but what the meaneſt Ballad-Maker might be aſham'd of;

Bear-Garden Compliments, filthy Language, baſe *Innuendoes*, forced Concluſions, ſilly Reflections, mean *Punns*, and every thing that ſhews a Meanneſs of Parts, and want of Learning in the *fooliſh Author*; and in a word, I don't remember that ever I ſaw ſo much good Paper daub'd over with ſo much Scurrility, and ſo little Wit.

It is impoſſible to anſwer him, becauſe there is not one Argument in his Book, and where there is no Argument there can be no Anſwer; otherwiſe I might have taken *Solomon*'s Advice, and have anſwer'd him according to his Folly. As to my ſelf, he has not ſaid any thing (worth notice) againſt me; and the Reaſon was, *becauſe he could not*. What he has offer'd that way, he has attempted in moſt diſmal *Bombaſtick* Verſe, as wretched as his Proſe, which I ſhall expoſe in its place; and take notice only at preſent of ſome of his Trickings and Nonſenſe in his Animadverſions on Dr. *Gardner*, a Gentleman I do not know, nor have I ever ſeen his Book againſt Dr. *Hancock*, ſo cannot anſwer for his Conduct towards him. My Buſineſs is to reflect on this Scribler's Folly, Style, and Bear-Garden Behaviour, without one tittle of Argument in all he ſays; but at the ſame time I fear I ſhall elevate his mean Soul, by doing him the Honour to take any notice at all of him: from whence he will be apt to infer, that he is *SOMEBODY*; when in truth he is a poor worthleſs Mortal, of no uſe to any body, but the Inhabitants of *Grub-ſtreet* and *Hockly-in-the-Hole*.

The firſt Fraud of this Trickſter, is in his Title-Page, where after many lying Pretences, he ſays, *To which ſome Accounts are added of the Uſe and Abuſe of common Water in many Diſtempers, not taken notice of by any of them.* Which is a grand Impoſition upon the Reader, for there is no ſuch

Account in all his Book, and for which Cheat he ought to be well toſs'd in a Blanket. Finding no Name to the Title-Page, I concluded (until I had read him) that this muſt be ſome ſhreud Fellow, that like the Blacks of *Waltham*, had daub'd over his Face that he might not be known, when he went out upon Miſchief: when lo! contrary to all other Authors, he puts his Name to the laſt Page of his Pamphlet; like my old Lord *Banbury*, who being eating Bread and Butter, but going haſtily to the Door to let in ſome Gentry that knock'd, clap'd his Hand with the Bread and Butter in it behind him, becauſe they ſhould not ſee it, and very gravely walk'd in before 'em.——

In the Name of Dullneſs and cold Water, Who art thou? or what wouldſt thou have? —— *I am a poor Grub-ſtreet Scribler, without Money, without Learning, and without Senſe, ſetting up for an Author in hopes to get a Penny: my Name is* Tom Taylor, *Bull-Rider to the Bear-Garden, Anti-Lithotomiſt, or Anti-Chriſt, or any thing you pleaſe for a quiet Life: But my Talent is diſſolving Stones without cutting, as the Surgeons of the Hoſpital can bear me witneſs,* —— *But that they* —— Right! but that they have try'd thy Medicine, and finding it good for nothing, advertiſed thee in the publick News for an Impoſtor. This is the true ſtate of the Caſe between poor *Tom* and the Surgeons of St. *Bartholomew*'s.

But leſt any body ſhould think Dr. *Hancock* employ'd him to write in his Defence, he *ſcreams* out, like a Cat going to be raviſh'd, *That he did not write at any Requeſt of the Doctor, or any Perſon from him or on his behalf.*—— Enough! Enough! I readily believe him! For altho I gave the Doctor a *merry Rebuke* for meddling with things out of his way, and for being guilty of ſome ſlips with

Page 56.

with his Pen, yet I honour him as a Miniſter, a Gentleman, and a Scholar, and believe he has more ſenſe than to employ ſuch a Buffle-head Thick-ſcull as *Tom*, for a Champion, if he wanted any. But *Tom* ſays the *Doctor did not know of* Page 56. *it, directly nor indirectly*; that is, he did not know it *directly* nor *obliquely*; neither upon *a ſtrait Line* nor a *Curve*. But *Tom* not content with this, ſays, *I never in all my Life heard from him, or* TO Ibid. *MY KNOWLEDGE ſaw him, or he me, that I KNOW OF.*— Stupendous this! To his *Knowledge* he never did, that he *knows of!* —— or to his *Knowledge* he *knows* nothing of it! —— or he does not know it, according to his Knowledge! —— or according to his *Knowledge*, ſo far as it is *knowable*, honeſt *Tom knows nothing* at all about the Matter,

In *Tom's* Epiſtle, he ſays, Dr. *Gardner* has *RI-* P. 4. l. 9. *VALED Death it ſelf!* What he means by it is a Myſtery. But I can find no ſuch Word as *Rivaled*, and what muſt we do in this Caſe? Why truly *Rivaled* is *Rivaled*, *&c.* But now! now! he ſays Dr. *Gardner flogs the College Hip and Thigh* Page 5. *like Sons of Belial,—— and has baſted them ſoundly.* Poor *Tom!* I thought flogging had been apply'd to the place *behind* the Hip, and above the Thigh, and that the *Daughters* of *Belial* perform'd it upon the Sons of Impotence —— and by the Word *Baſting*, one would think that *Tom* was either a *Roaſting Cook* or a *Taylor*, or perhaps a *Tapſter*, for preſently he ſays that *de Foe's* Ink-Barrel is at *ſtoop*, his Brain *ſuperannuated* and *dreggy.*—— I muſt confeſs that theſe are all Notes above *Ela*. *But he who formerly was the Terror of the Children of the Muſes*, (the *Darling*, I ſuppoſe he means, if he has any meaning) *may be now dealt with by any old Apple-woman*: Witneſs the Inſolence of *Tom Taylor!* who is not worthy to carry *de Foe's* Pen

after

after him, *as to Wit:* but as for *Honesty*, we will make no Comparisons; it being hard to prove Negatives; and dangerous *too*, between Men of Honour, as they are.

The uncommon Meanness of *Tom*'s Style is an evident Proof of his low Education, poor Original, and sorry natural Parts; as is his vile Language a certain Indication of a narrow depraved Soul.—— Sometimes his Adversary is a Son of *Anak*, *p.* 2. at others, a foolish *Galatian*, *p.* 11. Now he is a remarking *Ishmaelite*, *p.* 27. and by and by a pragmatical Coxcomb, *ib.* First he is a *Barbarian*, and a Beast, *p.* 17. then an Ass, *p.* 13. and a poor Wretch, *p.* 15. then a Miscreant, *p.* 21. and a Lunatick, *p.* 29. and a cross-grain'd Fool, *p.* 33. *cum multis aliis.*—— Yet in *p.* 40. *he blesses God that he believes the Scriptures, and that God made the Physician.* If he believes the Scriptures, they say, *Every Fool will be meddling*, Prov. 20. 3. And I know that God made *Tom* a Man, but Pride and the *old Boy* made him an Author. *Tom* very gravely tells us, *p.* 36. *that WATER was the RICHEST WINE our first Parents drank.* This is exceeding witty! *Water* was the richest *Wine!* — Just as Buttermilk is the richest *old Hock*, or *Tom* the archest Wag in the Bear-Garden! But *Tom*'s Wit is bright above Measure in *p.* 24, 25. where he compares a Man in a Fever to a House on fire, and calls upon Dr. *Gardner to ply the House with Medicines of the hot kind to quench the Flames, such as he would give his Patients in Fevers, instead of plenty of Water, and he will find that Water would have been much more to his purpose.* This silly Comparison, *Tom* is forc'd to own is but *a mean one*; but yet he says, *He that will deny that there is any analogy between a Man in a Fever and a House on Fire, must have the Impudence of the Devil.*——

But

But *Tom* forgets that Compariſons do not run on *all fours*; and this of a Man in a burning Fever, bears as equal Similitude to other things, as well as to a Houſe on fire: If we would ſtrain the Point as *Tom* does, *viz.* to a hot Haſty-Pudding, to an Apple-Dumpling, to a Porringer of burnt Brandy, to a Meſs of boiling Furmity, to a Diſh of ſcalded Codlings, and many other things, that bears an equal Analogy to the thing in queſtion: But *Tom* is fond of ſhewing his Wit any way, (as great Wits commonly are) like a certain *Simile* Alderman that I have heard of, who uſed to ſay, *That it rained like an Arrow out of a Bow*; and, *That his Breeches were tore as if Heaven and Earth would come together.*

Indeed *Tom* is in the right on't, that much Water will ſooner put out a Fire, than *Venice Treacle*, Powder of Snake-Root, Plague-Water, or any other thing of that kind; which any *Ninny-Hammer* could have told as well as *Tom Taylor*: but according to what his Book is endeavouring to prove, he ſhould ſhew, that when a Houſe is in a Flame, cold Water will put it into a SWEAT, better than the hot *Regimen* will make him *ſweat* who is in a violent Fever; or rather that cold Water will put a Houſe into a Sweat that is not on fire: For the Queſtion is, not whether cold Water will cool a Man in a Fever, but whether it will ſweat him, and to better purpoſe than hot Medicines? But *Tom* is ſo *deſperately witty*, that one knows not where to have him! —— And he is very intelligible, where in the ſame Page he ſays, *That there needs no Argument to convince us that Water will quench Fire.* But then what follows is hard to be allow'd, viz. *And it is as plain, that Water given in Fevers, has cur'd a great many Patients*, NEVER KILL'D, *nor hurt* ANY. And to confirm it, he ſays,

p. 22

p. 22 & 23, that *he is positive if common Water will sweat in a Fever, it is not too cold.* Why no! If it will sweat, it is not too cold to sweat, that's certain; so will Exercise, so will Vinegar, and other Acids, and so will *Plum-Porridge* if you go to bed and lay Clothes enough on you: But what's all this to encountering the febrile Matter, and forcing it out by the Pores, as warm Sudorificks are inabled, by their natural Texture and component Parts, to do? But *Tom*, according to the usual *Redundancy* of his Wit, roundly says, I am *certainly sure*, the more cooling, the better the Sudorifick. —— *Certainly sure!* is so like Dr. *Hancock*'s Style, and indeed so is every thing in *Tom*'s Book (except the Ribaldry) that one would think the Doctor and he compar'd Notes; only for very good Reasons, I am *certainly sure* that the Doctor would have nothing to do with such a very *silly Fellow.* But *certainly sure*, is as much as if *Tom* had said, *as sure as a Gun*; or more solemnly, *indeed, and double-deed*; or *as sure as Eggs are Eggs*; or more wittily yet, *as sure as Eggs are Bacon.*

But now comes the Cream of the Jest, *p.* 32. *If Water should at last carry the bell,* (Ay, IF it should! what a strange thing that would be! But what then?—) *Why then there won't be a halfpenny odds between a Fool and a Physician.* And then down goes the *Warwick-lane Conventicle! p.*30. and *hey Boys up go we!* Then *Tom of Bedlam, Tom Taylor*, or *Tom T—d*, may be as great Doctors as ever *Tom*'s beloved *Culpepper* or *Salmon* were, who *Tom* wisely affirms, *did more good in the Physical way, than any two Men that ever* England *produced, p.* 7. And therefore (*Tom* says) for Dr. *Gardner* to praise God that they are both dead, (O inimitable *Tom Taylor!*) *looks like serving God* (even) *as if the Devil was in him.* Here *Tom* has ex-

exceeded himſelf, and this is the only *witty wicked* thing in his whole Book. But if Dr. *Gardner* had praiſed God that they were both *buried* as well as dead, I cannot ſee how *Tom* could have helped himſelf. As to *Culpepper*, he was a poſitive *foul-mouth'd* Scribler, whoſe Works are calculated only for *old Women*, and his Preſcriptions *inartificial* and *abſurd*, and will not anſwer the vain Character he gives them: and when he treats of the Parts of Generation, and the Diſtempers peculiar to the *fair Sex*, which ought to be handled with all poſſible Modeſty, his Expreſſions are ſo rough and unbecoming, and ſometimes even *obſcene*, that a modeſt Reader muſt put a Conſtraint upon himſelf to read them without bluſhing. Indeed he has a great Talent at Railing, and perhaps, that makes *Tom* ſo much in love with him.

As to *Salmon*, he was no better than a Quack, and wrote what he did not underſtand, and pretended to five times more than he really knew. His Works are Collections, Tranſlations, Quotations, and *altogether* a huge *Hodge-Podge* of Inconſiſtencies and Falſhoods; and ſo full of Errors, that ſhould *Tom Taylor*, or any one of his Capacity, begin to ſtudy Phyſick from *Salmon*'s *Works*, he would ſoon be guilty of *Man-ſlaughter*. In ſhort, he was a Trickſter, that made Honey of a Dogs-T——d; pretending to Preparations of a long and coſtly Proceſs, on purpoſe to amuſe People; and *in reality* prepar'd 'em quite another way, with very little Coſt or Trouble; and cry'd up ſome particular Things as great Secrets, which were in every body's Knowledge, only under other Names. What is his *Hercules*, which he ſo much beyond Modeſty extols, but *Ethiop's Mineral?* What is his *Spiritus Anticholicus*, but *Spiritus Nitri dulcis?* as is very evident, even from his

own printed *Recipe's*. And what can be ſaid to all this? Why truly, wiſe *Tom* ſtyles him, *p.*8. our *Engliſh Paracelſus*, and prefers both him and *Culpepper* to Dr. *Peachy* and *Quincy*, both which were Men of very good Senſe and Learning; the one a Fellow of the *College of Phyſicians* in *London*, and the other of the Univerſity of *Edinborough*. But to leave theſe Trifles, let us follow our Friend *Tom* in things of greater Moment.

In *p.* 5. *Tom* is very myſtical, where he ſays, *The Caſe is very plain, that Phyſick is no particular Man's, nor body of Mens particular Province, unleſs it be ſome particular Perſons, as particular private* Arcana, *that indeed would be dangerous, for the greateſt Doctor on Earth to dabble in, by mere imitation; the liberty of finding out and uſing thoſe things for the good of others, being every Man's Right, whom it ſhall pleaſe God to inable, as is plain from the Sacred Text.* — Now if any Man in *England*, or beyond Sea, in *Southwark*, can make Senſe of all this, I will give him the right Hand of Fellowſhip, and that's *a proud Word* you'll ſay; nay, if *Tom* himſelf can do it, I will ſay that he is not ſuch a *Noodle* as I took him to be: and in particular let him tell us what Text it is that he proves all this Nonſenſe by.

What! ſays he, *p.* 15. *may not thoſe that have real Secrets, and Skill to put them in practice, have the Liberty to do good?* —— Again, *p.* 17. *And if it pleaſe God to bleſs their Studies*, &c. *have they not the ſame Juſtice and Right to put it in practice, eſpecially when their honeſt endeavours are crown'd with conſtant Succeſs in things curable.* —— Why, lau y e there now! — the Man does not always talk *downright* Nonſenſe, but ſometimes writes that he may be underſtood. — Where Men have *Skill* to practiſe, let 'em practiſe, provided they are examin'd by their Godfathers whether they really

really have Skill or not, and not take their own Words for it; who will, like *Tom Taylor*, pretend to 26 Years Experience, *p.* 23. and yet know as little as he of the Practice of Phyſick. *Tom* is very *waſpiſh* at that general Saying, *viz. If I die, I'll die under the hands of the Learned, p.* 21. No, no, *Tom* is for dying by the hands of the Ignorant, and not be puſh'd out of the World *ſecundum Artem*, but by ſuch as have conſtant Succeſs in *things curable*, and not ſuch as cure Diſtempers that are *incurable*. And indeed *Tom* is much in the right on't, and I would do the ſame my ſelf: And his Obſervation is very juſt, that *every Man is duly qualified to be a Phyſician who underſtands Nature and natural Things, and the nature of Diſtempers, p.* 21, 22. —— that is, every Man is duly qualified, that has due Qualifications! A Diſcovery worthy to be wrote in a Rock of Adamant, (*p.* 38.) *if we knew where to find one.*

That Water is a Bleſſing and Mercy to Mankind, as *Tom* learnedly affirms, *p.* 38. is certainly true; and that it is a Medicine in ſome Caſes, *Tom* ſays it *certainly is*, and may be ſo in many more, FOR OUGHT HE KNOWS; and by the ſame Rule, *for ought he knows* of the Matter, *it may not*; and ſo, *for ought* Tom *knows*, a Decoction of a Joint-ſtool may cure the *Crinkums*; and *for ought he knows*, he may live to be as wiſe as *Waltham*'s Calf, that went nine Miles to ſuck a Bull, and it prov'd an Ox.

Tom excellently well obſerves, *p.* 37. that we cannot *cleanſe* the *exterior* Parts of our Body without Water, and doubts not, where a *cleanſing Medicine* is neceſſary, Water may prove the beſt for cleanſing the *interior*; and he is *very ſure*, that cleanſing is of abſolute neceſſity in moſt of the Maladies we are ſubject to. By which it ſhould ſeem, that *Tom* is a good ſort of a *Houſewifely*

Mortal, and knows ſomething of the *mundifying* Part of a *Laundry-Maid*'s Buſineſs. But what Diſtempers want this ſort of Cleanſing, or how Water that does not purge, but runs thro the excretory Out-lets of the Body (*like a Hue and Cry thro a Town*) can poſſibly cleanſe our *interior Parts*, *Tom* has not been ſo kind as to inform us; indeed if we ſwallow good ſtore of Soap with it, and ſo make a *Lather* in our Guts, or ſwallow a Pound or two of ſmall Shot, and ſo fill ones Guts full of cold Water, and ride ten Miles upon a hard-trotting Horſe, and ſo make a rattling in ones Belly, as we do to waſh quart Bottles, I know not but our *interior Parts* may be this way *mundified* cleverly enough. But that Water was before all other Matter, is an Error *Tom* may rectify, by reading the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, and too long here for me to diſcuſs; and he can ſay nothing extraordinary of Water (from that Chapter) but what may be equally ſaid of the Earth alſo. And what he ſays as to the Cures wrought by the Prophets, our Saviour, and his Apoſtles, *&c.* is ſo trifling, and wide of the Argument, ſo childiſh and ſilly, that it merits no reply; and the ſame may be ſaid in anſwer to what he advances about every Man's Right to publiſh Advertiſements, and giving Bills about the Streets, *&c. p.* 9.

He ſays, *p.* 4 & 5. *That the Art of Healing muſt be allow'd a Place in the Catalogue of Spiritual Gifts; there's no Chriſtian that denies it.* Very excellent this! —— Any Man that gets but a few Receipts together, and has the Art to make a *Poultice*, or cure a *Kibe*, from that very Moment commences a ſpiritual Doctor! and he that denies it, is no Chriſtian! —— But I am quite out of Breath with his Nonſenſe, and ſhall have done when I have given one Inſtance more of it. ——

He

He ſays, *p.* 3. *That it is a Miſtake to ſay, that* England *is the only Nation that gives Encouragement to ſilly Pretenders; for many of our neighbour Nations give more Encouragement to real uſeful Diſcoveries.* Was ever the like Abſurdity? other Nations give more Encouragement to Quacks than *England*, becauſe they give more Encouragement to *uſeful Diſcoveries*; which cannot poſſibly come from Quacks and Pretenders! This is all Blunder, and *Bull-Making* as well as *Bull-Riding*, with a witneſs! Nor is it to be conceived to what purpoſe the Story of the Coachman that was blooded until he dy'd (*p.* 43.) is brought in; or what relation that has to Fevers being cured with cold Water: Or how does that juſtify Dr. *Hancock's* Hypotheſis?

And now to wind up the Bottom, I ſhall make a ſmall ſearch into his Verſe, and take a few of his *Couplets* to pieces, to have a clear View of the Senſe, Beauty, and Cadence of 'em; not taking any notice of the reſt, for they are too nauſeous to be nam'd.

For who'd be ſuch a Fool or Ideot, p. 48.
If that at any Pump or Rivulet——

Here's *Ideot* and *Rivulet*; the Jingle is very nice, and runs as ſmooth as *Jeremiah* and *Nebuchadnezzar*.

Beſides the plaguy Coſt they're run to, ib.
And riſque they run of Health and Life too.

Moſt abominably Excellent! Like the Sailor's Poſy for a Wedding-Ring—— *I love Joan, and Joan love I*; who aſſur'd the Goldſmith, it was of his own *Deviſement*. Again,

Free

Free from Diſtempers as vain Man p. 50.
With all his Wit and Pride can't free him from.

And *p.* 51.

As it fares with our Coach Mare, Horſeman,
Who neither feareth God, nor good Man.
Where's any Beaſt that ever yet was kill'd by't,
Or yet diſtemper'd, tho they all do live by't?

I remember that about thirty Years ago, there was one *Tom Saffold* of *Quacking Memory*, who uſed to publiſh Bills in Verſe, not quite ſo bad as this, *viz.*

Tom Saffold's *Pills, much better than the reſt,*
Deſervedly have gain'd the Name of beſt;
Each Box has eighteen Pills for eighteen Pence,
Which is too cheap in any Man's own Senſe, &c.

But now you ſhall hear, *p.* 54.

His fancy'd Victories o'er ſturdy Windmills,
Or Hogſties, which he thought were fill'd with Devils,
And with ſuch bedlam Fury lay about him,
Till's Strength was ſpent, and's Breath almoſt forſook him.

This puts me in mind of a Story that I have heard of a certain *Poetaſter*, like *Tom*, that was reſolv'd to be very Satirical upon the Town of *Salisbury*, for ſome *ſcurvy* Treatment he had met with in an Inn there: and a terrible Satire he wrote, *viz.*

Farewel to Salisbury, *farewel to thee,*
For thou haſt got a Steeple like a Knife and Sheath,

Again,

Again, *p.* 55.

A merry drolling Fellow, I confeſs,
Some ſlights of Wit, but for the reſt,
'Ten't worth a Ruſh, unleſs to wipe your Br——ch.

Anſwer,

I ne'er ſaw the like, abroad or beyond Sea,
For Wiſdom and Wit—nor never ſhall—I fear it!

But the greateſt Truth in the whole Book I had like to have forgot.

Let ſcribling Fugitives ſay what they will, *p.* 51.
Good Water will be Water ſtill.

Anſwer,

This is a truer Story, and more pat,
Than his that ſaid, the Candle eat the Cat.

In *Tom*'s Preface he ſays, *p.* 6. *That blaſphemous Conſequences are always allowed, and inherent in a Poet.* And as he ſets up for *a ſort of a Poet*, he ſtrives to make good his Aſſertion, and concludes his *bombaſtick Reply* with *bantering the Grace of God*, and turning it into *Wantonneſs*. Speaking of the Dropſy, he ſays, *p.* 55.

So aukwardly he handles that Diſtemper,
As I dare ſay for't, we have no Diſſenter
E'er handled Grace of God to leſs effect,
As I can prove, was I to recollect
Thoſe uncouth Notions which they dream on,
Romantick too, as George *and* Dragon.

Anſwer,

Ceaſe wretched Scribler, wicked fooliſh Elf!
Go fill thy Guts with Water, then—go hang thy ſelf.

And

And now *Tom*, I muſt tell thee that thou art a Thief, and haſt not only ſtole away my *Chriſtian Name* and *Sir name*, but haſt endeavour'd to rob me of my *good Name* alſo, by laying my *legitimate* Offſpring to *Daniel de Foe*, as if I was not able to beget a Child in my own Likeneſs, *as wiſe as he*. I muſt tell thee, *Tom*, that I fear *thou art the Man* that robb'd *Juno*'s *Cow-Rooſt*, taking from her Pig-ſtye at the ſame time, two live Conger-Eels and a Brace of Turkey Poutes; beſides a *Corinthian Face*, which I have heard (*by the by*) thou doſt wear to this day—Let me adviſe thee to keep wholly to the *Bear-Garden*, and write *no more*; it is a thing thou art not cut out for: but if in ſpite of thy Stars thou wilt *write on*, and diſturb my repoſe, I will not ſay one word further by way of Reply: and that ſhall be a certain Token, *to all Chriſtian People*, that thou art a very worthleſs Animal, not worthy of the leaſt Notice from

From my Study, this 20th of June, 1723.

Gabriel John.

P.S. *Beſure don't write any more, until the firſt Impreſſion of thy Book is all ſold off, and then we ſhall hear no more of thee*, until the Conſummation of all Things.

FINIS.